

The Nation.

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The Week.

SPEAKER REED has not "caught on" to the new Republican defence of the McKinley Law and its higher prices. He is arguing on the ground first assumed by its defenders, that the law has, to quote the language of Belden's Congressional Republican campaign document, "in no case raised the cost of necessary supplies to the American consumer." In other words, he is maintaining that "cheapness" is a desirable thing, and that the McKinley Law has given us a great deal of it. We place a passage from his speech at Buffalo on Wednesday evening side by side with a passage from Mr. McKinley's speech in Kalamazoo on the previous evening:

[McKinley, Oct. 14, 1890.]

Well, now they say you would have things cheaper if you only had a Democratic revenue tariff. Cheap! I never liked the word. "Cheap" and "nasty" go together. This whole system of cheap things is a badge of poverty, for cheap merchandise means cheap men, and cheap men mean a cheap country, and that is not the kind our fathers builded. Furthermore, it is not the kind their sons mean to maintain.

[Reed, Oct. 15, 1890.]

They also ask me if I know of any article which has been lowered in price by the tariff. I could spend the entire evening in giving the facts showing that articles have been lowered in price. I can remember the time when I had to pay \$1.45 a yard for Ingrain carpet. Now you can buy it for 45 cents a yard. I remember when you had to pay \$6 a keg for nails. Now you can get the same nails for \$3 a keg. The Democrats say it is invention that lowers prices. Is invention the gift of God? In my opinion it rests upon protection. It is the protective tariff which tempts our inventors to work at inventing cheaper processes of manufacturing.

According to Mr. Reed, the McKinley Tariff Law is working to make what McKinley calls a "cheap and nasty" country filled with "cheap men."

The two apostles should "get together." Their speeches on this topic, at present, sound like the wanderings of a demented or intoxicated person, but they are really the observations of two perfectly sane but rather unscrupulous men who find themselves in "a hole." The fun of it all is increased by the fact that only two weeks ago McKinley, in an interview with the *Chicago Tribune*, tried to show that one of the merits of his bill was that it cheapened more things than the Mills Bill, by putting them on the free list. Here is his very amusing boasting on this subject:

"In spite of what has been said to the contrary, the bill gives to the people freer trade than any tariff legislation that has been put upon our statute-books in more than a century of our existence. During the first thirty years of our history nearly every article was made dutiable. In 1824 less than 6 per cent. of our imports was free; in 1833 only 15 per cent. of our imported goods was free; in 1842 only 27 per cent. was free; in 1846, the great revenue-tariff year, only 12 per cent.; in 1857 only 18 per cent. From 1873 down to 1883, 30 per cent. only was free, and in 1889 39 per cent. was

free. This bill makes about one-half of them absolutely free to the people. The Mills Bill, that famous Democratic tariff bill, only made free in all about 47 per cent. of our importations. By the bill just passed one-half of our importations, or nearly so, are made free."

The way these people contradict themselves now, and not simply from year to year, but from week to week, shows how great is their perplexity. They literally lie like clockwork, on the principle of any port in a storm.

After the arguments on the evils of cheapness to which Massachusetts Republicans have been treated of late, it must have been a relief to those who attended the meeting in Boston last Thursday evening to listen to Edward L. Pierce, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Third District. He declared that on a subject like the tariff "a thoughtful man will decline to wear labels or badges, or to bind himself to any one abstract theory." Acting on this independent platform, he said that a measure like the McKinley Bill is at best a compromise between sections and interests. He pleaded for such reciprocity as would benefit New England, saying (in the face of the McKinley Bill) that "the free potato is far more essential to a laboring man's breakfast than free tea and coffee; for while these beverages are confined usually to the heads of the family, the potato goes around the table, for children and for all. The same is true of eggs, as every housewife knows." He even refused to join in the work of assailing importers of foreign goods—those conspirators who, according to the *Philadelphia Press*, are putting up prices to help the Democrats—saying of them: "There are importers in this city who are behind no class of citizens in mercantile honor, in public spirit, and in generous benefactions." A speech of this kind is, of course, very discouraging to the Lodges and Hoars and Greenhalges. The *Boston Journal* scents danger for Mr. Pierce, and comes to his defence in this way:

"We shall, no doubt, be quickly told by our Democratic adversaries that Mr. Pierce does not agree with the Republican party; that he favors free potatoes from the Provinces, free eggs, and free coal. That may or may not be true under all conditions, all circumstances, but it is only the superficial critic who will, on this account, question the quality of Mr. Pierce's Republicanism. The allegiance of a life-long, honored member of the Republican party is to be measured by no such test."

We are glad that the line of Massachusetts Republicanism is conceded to lie within free eggs and potatoes. We shall not be at all surprised, after the election returns of the next month are in, to be told that it embraces also free coal and iron ore.

The following appears in the *Philadelphia Press*:

"Some of the New York importers, acting on a request of the Democratic Congressional Committee to increase prices in order to hurt the Republicans, have already discovered that lying does not pay. A Western house was charged an advance on an order for some woollen goods, on the ground that the tariff

had been increased, but examination by the Western house disclosed the fact that the old rate on these particular goods was 35 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem, while the new rate is 22 cents a pound and 40 per cent. ad valorem, a reduction instead of an increase—to say nothing of the fact the goods were in stock before the new Tariff Act took effect. As a result, the New York house lost a valuable customer. Some of the retail houses which have been trying to help the Democratic party by advancing prices on goods not affected by the tariff, are suffering a loss of customers in the same way. It serves them right."

It appears from this that the editor does not know that the beauty of dearness is now the true Republican doctrine. Consequently, the New York importers who have been raising their prices have really been helping the Republicans, and probably got their orders from the Republican Congressional Committee. It is true that there is no real unity of sentiment among the chiefs as to which is better, cheapness or dearness, or as to which the McKinley Bill will produce. In fact, its effect seems to vary with the locality in which the orator finds himself. The bill is somewhat like the horse which the owner was extolling to a possible purchaser, who asked if he hadn't got the internal disease known as "bots." "Well," said the owner, who had never heard of "bots" before, "if it's a good thing to have, he's got it." We quite agree with the *Press* that "lying does not pay." And we also agree with the gentleman who, when it was proved to him that the assertions of the *New York Tribune*, made in the canvass of 1884, that if Cleveland were elected we should have to pay \$3,000,000,000 of "rebel claims," were groundless, exclaimed in breathless astonishment, "Then there has been a terrible amount of lying somewhere."

The wide range of the McKinley prices is shown from day to day by the new circulars issued by manufacturers. Two new ones reached us last week. One was from Wolff & Randolph, manufacturers of Wolff's Acme Blacking, Philadelphia, who advise the trade that an enormous increase in the cost of their raw material, due to the McKinley tariff, compels them to advance their prices. The other was from the Hayden manufactory at Newark, N. J., informing customers that the McKinley Bill has increased the cost of their celebrated "horse-clippers." So it appears that the cost of polishing the horse has gone up simultaneously with the cost of polishing his harness. The price of the horse himself has not gone up, so far as we know, although the duty on horses has been increased from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. ad valorem. The *Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal* tells us that these circulars marking up prices are issued by "Democratic conspirators," and that it is all "a shrewd political dodge." But it takes courage to believe that "this fictitious marking up of prices and sending abroad free-trade circulars will not result as was intended, because the people of this nation are not fools, whatever

the free-traders take them to be." We advise it to write at once to the parties just named, and ask them whether they are Democrats, or free-traders, or whether they have any political design in issuing their respective circulars.

One value of the new Tariff Bill as a means of proving to the people that the tariff is a tax, consists in the wide list of articles of which the price is increased by the bill, thus making it certain that persons of all classes will feel its influence. For instance, the photograph in these days is so common that it is no longer a luxury, but an almost universal means of keeping by one the countenances of friends, living or dead. The improvement in cameras, too, has raised up thousands of amateur photographers, who find the most innocent of pleasures in carrying away with them pictures of scenes they visit. The tariff taxer has not let the photograph escape. Albumenized paper is one of the requisites of photography. Its manufacture has been tried in this country, and photographers say that the result is a failure. But a single concern in western New York wants "protection" while it is experimenting with its paper, and the Republican Congress has raised the duty, so that the imported paper, which cost \$32 a ream last year, will henceforth cost \$42.50. The increased cost of each photograph will be small, but a Boston photographer estimates that the increased duty on this one article will put a tax equal to four cents a head on every man, woman, and child in this country. And what have the Republicans to offset such an argument? A picture, in the style of a circus poster, of the House with the Democrats absent when there was no Republican quorum, and when the Republicans were trying to steal the seats of legally elected Democrats!

One of the swindles of the McKinley Tariff Bill is found in the paragraph putting a duty on natural mineral waters of sixteen cents per dozen bottles. This will add at least one dollar to the price of every case of Vichy, Seltzer, Apollinaris, Giesshubler, Kissingen, Sprudel, etc., none of which are or can be produced in this country. Probably the idea of putting a tax on them was to make a better market for the American imitations of these waters. This conception was carried into effect in Conference Committee in paragraph 341, but the Committee forgot to strike out the paragraph 650 in the bill which puts "mineral waters, all not artificial," in the free list. Consequently, the law in one paragraph makes these waters free, and in another makes them dutiable at sixteen cents per dozen. The customs authorities, under the clause which directs that if two or more rates of duty shall be applicable to any imported article, the highest rate shall be assessed, have enforced the duty of sixteen cents per dozen. Whether this clause applies to cases where one of the conflicting rates of duty is no duty at all, may be a question.

"The little tin god on wheels" has been spurred to greater activity since the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* announced that the Welshmen who visited that city had decided that it would be unprofitable to start works there or anywhere in the United States. A *Tribune* despatch now tells us that "three tin-plate works in the vicinity of Pittsburgh are a certainty, while four others are contemplated." The little tin god is contemplating a great many works in different parts of the country. He is going to get his block tin, the *Tribune* despatch tells us, from Dakota, Wyoming, and California. These mines will easily supply all the tin that will be required by the three tin-plate works that are "a certainty," and the four that are in contemplation, there being no tin ore in paying quantities in any of those places. It casts a shadow of doubt upon the whole *Tribune* story to read that certain Welsh gentlemen, members of the British Iron and Steel Institute, who have been in Pittsburgh lately, have tin-plate works in contemplation. "During their visit to Pittsburgh last week," says the despatch, "they made inquiries which led the writer to that conclusion." These are the same gentlemen, no doubt, who were interviewed by the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* to the contrary effect.

The little tin god has taken the stump in Illinois, as appears from the following paragraph in a Rockford paper:

"Mr. Hitt called attention to the matter of tin plate. Up to 1879 this was entirely imported at the cost of \$14 per box. An American factory was started, and the foreigners put the price down to \$4 per box. This closed the American factory. The price then went up to \$11. Then another American factory started, and again the price went down. This time agents were sent to this country and directed to follow the product of the American mills about, and make the price twenty-five cents lower than any price made on the American goods. The mills closed again and remained closed. It was thought that the time had come to stop this boycotting of American goods, and a tariff of two and two-tenths cents per pound had been placed upon tin-plate. What is the result? Already a factory with a capital of \$3,500,000 and to employ 3,500 hands was being organized at Chicago. Another \$7,000,000 factory was started in Baltimore. Another tin-plate factory was being started at St. Louis."

The Chicago factory and the Baltimore factory have been searched for with great assiduity since the announcement of their "contemplation" went abroad on the wires, but nobody has been able to find trace of them. Mr. Hitt's fable about a tin-plate factory in this country in 1874, and its effect upon prices, was exposed in the Senate by a quotation from David A. Wells's book, 'Recent Economic Changes,' showing that the ups and downs of the tin-plate market were due to inventions and discoveries, and to the laws of supply and demand, with which the toy tin-plate works at Demmler, Pa., had no more to do than a meteor has to do with the movement of the earth in its orbit.

The speech of Carl Schurz at Boston on Monday evening on the tariff question and the Lodge Bill, was fully up to the measure of his powers as a political thinker and a public debater. No speech of the present

year has been on a higher plane of practical morality and philosophical thought. A large part of its value is due to Mr. Schurz's historical studies, for which his 'Life of Henry Clay' has especially fitted him. It is to be regretted that such a document was not given to the public somewhat earlier in the present campaign.

There is no more significant and encouraging sign of the times than the complete change in the attitude of the *Staats-Zeitung* towards Tammany. The same journal which, during the last municipal campaign, preferred Grant to Hewitt, has at last caught the drift of public opinion and thrown Tammany overboard. Nothing can be more outspoken than its characterization of the two candidates for the Mayoralty. "As regards both natural ability and education," the *Staats-Zeitung* says, "Grant is utterly beneath Scott; and if one of the two is destined to achieve political distinction transcending the limits of our city, it can only be Scott. Grant has shown that he uses his position chiefly for the advancement of his organization, and it is this fact that has made his administration so odious to thousands. Scott will not be owned by any political organization, and that is the best feature of his nomination. His experience of many years in municipal affairs, his familiarity with the laws bearing on them, which renders him independent of the doubtful guidance of 'legal advisers,' his tact, energy, and other qualities, give every assurance that he will make an excellent Mayor."

That this language will have its due effect on thousands of voters from among the class which has hitherto steadily supported Tammany, no one can doubt, nor that the permanent alienation of that vote from Tammany would be of incalculable benefit to the city. There has been for many years no greater puzzle to the foreign observer of our institutions than the rôle the Germans have played in the politics of the chief city of the American Continent. German administrative ability at home has converted an arid sand waste on the Spree into a city which is an unsurpassed municipal model, while German indifference here has largely helped to make New York, naturally one of the most favored spots on the face of the earth, a reproach to American civilization. That the Germans are beginning to recover from their apathy is evident from the enthusiasm with which some of their most prominent representatives have thrown themselves into the work of the Municipal League, and there is every reason to hope that the mass-meeting of German-Americans which will soon be called will help to communicate this enthusiasm to the masses.

The old abuse of assessing the clerks in the departments at Washington for "voluntary contributions" of specified amounts has been revived, and is again almost as unblushing as in the days of the notorious Hubbell. The Republican managers not only "re-

quest," in terms not to be refused, a certain percentage of the clerk's salary, but they also insist that he shall make a journey to his old home and vote the Republican ticket on election day. The various State associations at Washington have charge of this work, and "spotters" have been appointed to note any failure and report the offender for the punishment of dismissal, which is plainly threatened. All this is done under the administration of a President who, when a candidate, announced his belief in the wisdom of the Civil-Service Law, and declared that "the law should be faithfully and rigorously enforced."

Mr. Robert Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, has been rather distinguished for commonplace doings and sayings, and has thus, and by virtue of his ancestry, gained several public positions, which he has filled in a respectable sort of way. He has now really distinguished himself by writing a letter from England to help Quay in his death-struggle in Pennsylvania. That would be quite sufficient to give him an unpleasant eminence, but the form of his letter adds something to the moral offence. He writes particularly to object to the use of the name "Lincoln Republicans" by such men as Herbert Welsh, Henry C. Lea, and others who have adopted that style and title in their fight against corruption in the politics of Pennsylvania. He says that he does not know any warrant for the use of his father's name in that fight. So much the worse for him. All the rest of the world knows the warrant for its use. Abraham Lincoln was known in his early life in Illinois as "Honest Abe." This appellation was earned by scrupulous adherence to the ten commandments, and especially to one of them which says, "Thou shalt not steal." The golden rule was no "iridescent dream" to him, but a maxim to guide him in his down-sitting and his uprising in political as well as every-day life. He never could have reached the pinnacle where he stood and stands by any toleration of the ways of Quay and Delamater. It was a perfectly natural and justifiable step for Messrs. Welsh, Lea, and their associates to take the name of Lincoln. They might have taken that of Washington as properly. Mr. Robert Lincoln has written himself down very decidedly by his letter in behalf of two common cheats, but he cannot write his father down nor write Quay and Delamater up.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* agrees with us that, if our estimate of what the total population of the country according to the census will be, shall be verified, the result will be to "completely discredit" the census itself. Since our estimates were made, which were based on the returns from 137 supervisors' districts, we have received the figures for 26 more districts, leaving but 12 yet to be heard from. The total population of these 163 districts in 1880 was 47,710,933; and in 1890, according to the census, it is 59,106,931—an increase of 11,-

395,998, or at the rate of 23.89 per cent. A similar rate of increase for the remaining twelve districts, which in 1880 had a population of 2,453,850, would give a total for the country of 62,138,000. After deducting the increase by immigration, the rate of natural increase indicated is but 13.44 per cent. It is probable, from the location of the districts the returns from which we have not as yet seen, that the increase in them may be relatively greater than in the rest of the country; but even if the increase should average as much as 50 per cent., the rate for the country as a whole would be but 25 per cent., and the portion of this due to natural growth exclusive of immigration but 14½ per cent., or, as we have before stated, less than in any previous decade, and very much less than in any decade except that of the war and the defective census of 1870.

The penalty of ten days' suspension imposed by the Union League Club on that very queer person, Col. Elliott F. Shepard, for ungentelemanly behavior to his fellow-members, is, when one examines it, fully as queer as Shepard himself. The standard of social morals enforced by club rules is, or ought to be, precisely that which governs the intercourse of gentlemen in private houses, or in a steamer or a railroad car. That is to say, in such intercourse a man may make himself offensive by conduct resulting from thoughtlessness, from an outburst of temper, or from ignorance of certain social facts. All such cases are, as a rule, expiable by an apology couched in suitable terms. But if he should make himself offensive in ways which could not be atoned for by an apology—that is, by offences indicating incurable faults of character, such as conceit, or selfishness, or dishonesty, or mendacity, or morbid curiosity—the rule of private life prescribes the permanent cessation of social intercourse with him. When one gentleman offends another in a way which cannot be settled by an expression of sincere regret, the offended party, in the more highly civilized countries, ceases to see the offender or to communicate with him except on business. In some places he kills him, but in our happier clime he simply breaks off intercourse with him for good. He never thinks of saying to him, "Sir, your conduct on such a day in such a place shows that you have neither the instincts nor the training of a gentleman. I shall, therefore, taking everything into consideration, refuse to speak to you for a period of two weeks from this date." In other words, gentlemen do not pass sentence on each other like a police magistrate sitting on "a drunk." They do not send associates to Coventry for limited periods and then take them back as if nothing had happened. A man is either fit company for gentlemen, or he is not. If he is not, nothing that can happen to him in ten days will make him fit. No man is for social purposes an occasional or temporary blackguard or lout. If he is a blackguard on the first of the month, he is sure to be a blackguard on the fifteenth.

Dillon, we see, has announced his intention, and that of O'Brien, of going back to undergo his term of imprisonment, whatever it may be, as soon as he finishes his tour in this country. This is not a very respectful announcement to the court which will shortly convict him, but it is as respectful as the court deserves. In no Anglo-Saxon country since the abolition of the Star Chamber have public men been tried for political conspiracy proved by public speeches, before such tribunals as are now set up in Ireland. The appearance of the prisoner before them is a mere waste of his time, and he is entirely justified, if he has other engagements, in surrendering when it suits his convenience. Public opinion in England, even Tory opinion, seems to condemn Balfour's last move strongly, because it will fill the winter session of Parliament with Irish debates, in which John Morley will appear as a witness about Irish criminal procedure. But, on the other hand, it will probably insure the Liberal-Unionists another year of security in their seats, for it renders a dissolution in 1891 very improbable. Lord Salisbury will not like to dissolve in the midst of a renewal of the Irish hubbub, and of a virtual confession from Balfour that order does *not* reign in Ireland.

The latest turns in Spanish politics are decidedly in favor of the Conservatives, and there seems now to be a general expectation that they will be triumphant in the approaching elections. Indeed, Sagasta himself is reported by a Paris newspaper to have admitted that he had no real hope of success. The Conservative canvass is in the hands of one of the ablest and shrewdest politicians of Spain, Señor Silvela, Minister for the Interior, and Cánovas is left free to expend his great oratorical powers in the doubtful districts. His programme of labor legislation, after the Bismarckian model, is well calculated to cut into the Liberal strength in manufacturing centres, while the landholding interests are sure to stand by him as before on the ground of his promises of protection to national agriculture. Then, too, the dignity and success of his administration thus far, accented just now by the favorable result of the new loan to fund the Cuban debt, are strong points to his advantage. The Liberals, on the other hand, have by no means healed their dissensions, and Sagasta has been particularly unfortunate in his free talks with French reporters. He stirred up Castelar mightily by admitting the Queen Regent's right to dismiss or form a Cabinet on her own notion of what was proper, without regard to the wish of the Cortes, and drew upon himself a savage attack from Zorrilla by asserting that the Republicans ought to be content with the law of universal suffrage. The latter, in fact, challenged Sagasta to an open discussion of Spanish affairs before a Paris audience, undertaking to expose the hollowness of his pretensions, but the ex-Premier declined thus to wash the national dirty linen in the presence of strangers.

CHEAPNESS.

THE Republicans have contributed, and are contributing every day, a number of interesting novelties to economical literature. The enemies of political economy have long been in the habit of reproaching it with not being a science; but what little science there was in it will hardly survive, in America at least, the improvements which our high-tariff men are introducing. Among these improvements are the following propositions, which have until now been unknown to all the professors and politicians of other countries:

(1.) That an import duty is not a tax, and yet raises the price of articles to the consumer. (2.) That the object of raising prices to the consumer is to enable the domestic manufacturer to pay higher wages to his workmen. (3.) That although the duty does raise prices to the consumer, the consumer does not pay the duty, but the foreign vender. (4.) That if it were called a "tax," it would be paid by the consumer, but by calling it a "duty," the foreigner is made to pay it. (5.) That it does not raise prices to the consumer at all, but, on the contrary, lowers them. (6.) That the manufacturers are enabled to continue to pay higher wages to their workmen, in spite of this fall of prices, by refusing to consider the tariff in detail and looking at it "as a whole." (7.) That any one who refuses to look at the tariff "as a whole," and complains of it for either lowering or raising prices, is a bad man. (8.) That there is in all high tariffs an inward and spiritual force which makes their effect on prices really a matter of indifference to the truly devout, and that faith is just as needful in political economy as in religion.

It will readily be seen that there is hardly any more room for "science" here than in the dogmas of the Catholic Church. The high-tariff doctors are as exacting in the matter of belief as Tertullian or Cardinal Newman. Cardinal Newman wrote a book called the 'Grammar of Assent,' showing that belief is a matter of will—that is, that if you have your will in proper order, you can believe anything you please. It is just as difficult to believe that a tariff both raises and lowers prices, and enables manufacturers to pay higher wages by lowering prices, as to believe in the Trinity or Transubstantiation. You have simply to "pull yourself together," and down goes the doctrine. In fact, we know of tariff zealots who are in Tertullian's state of mind, and like a tariff of contradictions because it furnishes things hard to swallow. Their eyes glow and their mouths water with pious zeal when they light in it on a flagrant absurdity. It seems to them that the bigger the absurdity, the more "American" it is, and they gulp it down, just as Tertullian would have liked an "impossibility" for his spiritual breakfast every morning.

The hardest trial for the believer, however, and most astounding contribution of all to the protectionist gospel, has been made by two minds of very different calibre—Pre-

sident Harrison and Mr. Cabot Lodge. The President's mind it would be disrespectful to examine too minutely as long as he occupies his present high office. Mr. Lodge's we know to be exceedingly acute and well trained. It was President Harrison's which produced in 1888, during his canvass—simply, we admit, as what Roman Catholics call a "pious opinion"—the doctrine that cheapness is an evil. Said this great doctor in a speech in Chicago in that year: "I am one of those uninstructed political economists that have an impression that some things may be too cheap; that I cannot find myself in full sympathy with this demand for cheaper coats, which seems to me necessarily to involve a cheaper man and woman under the coats."

Now this, when you examine it, is really a tremendous proposition—a more serious one, by far, than anything contained in the Syllabus of Pius the Ninth of blessed memory. It contains an attack on the modern civilization such as no Pope has as yet ventured on. For in what does material civilization consist? Simply in making things pertaining to human safety and comfort "cheaper"—that is, attainable by less and less labor and self-denial—clothes, food, shelter, transportation. For one thousand years it has been the understanding of the civilized world that this cheapening process was a good thing, and that those who facilitated it in any field were benefactors of their race. That President Harrison's attack on it did not produce more sensation, that it did not make even more commotion than the infallible decree of the Vatican Council, has always astonished us. Probably a thousand could be got to believe in the Pope's infallibility for the one who could be got to believe that wearing a cheap coat damaged the moral side of his nature. Nevertheless, it seemed to fall rather flat except among the tailors. In tailoring circles it was received with pious awe, but the rest of the world neither accepted it nor rejected it. They simply suspended judgment about it, waiting for more light.

But now comes Mr. Cabot Lodge, the Scholar in Politics, and tells a Yankee audience at Lowell the other day, that "the cry for cheapness is un-American, and that there is such a thing as too much cheapness." Of course nobody will believe for one moment that Lodge has got this notion through the working of poor human reason. Lodge's understanding would do no such jobs for any man. He has got it, in our opinion, through the working of tariff grace in his soul. President Harrison's pious opinion sowed the seed, and tariff grace did the rest. It probably puzzled Lodge at first to find the proper depreciatory epithet for cheapness, but it came, as such things always come finally to the spiritually minded. It came upon him as a revelation that the desire for cheapness was "un-American," a sign of a carnal heart or unregenerate American nature. When the doctrine is firmly established, the American father and mother searching the town for a place where they can save money in the purchase of household utensils or the children's clothing will be looked on as a depraved couple, and be avoided by their neighbors as still

under the dominion of the European Satan, the Cobden Club. It will, in fact, work nearly as great a revolution in modern thought as Darwinism. A world in which people sought for things because they were dear would, it is easy to see, be absolutely a different world economically, socially, politically, and even morally from that in which we now live. Our whole system of ethics would have to be revised. Extravagance would have to be struck from the list of public and private vices. Prudence would have to be furnished with a new meaning. Inventors would become as despicable as liquor-dealers, and the increase of taxation the highest aim of the statesman.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

AN examination of railroad earnings and expenses for the fiscal year just closed does not show any general cause for financial alarm, nor does an outlook over the present railroad situation point to any reason for the heavy decline in stocks which can be attributed to causes arising from transportation alone. Explanations of the large reductions in the prices of shares and bonds should be sought for outside of any serious change in the net earnings or intrinsic values of railroad properties. There are, on the other hand, some features of the general condition of our trade which should have attention. Business over the whole country is good—better, indeed, than for a few years past; while the prices of all commodities are advancing. Increasing trade demands increasing funds to carry it on. A merchant who may have railroad shares or bonds in his safe, and who feels the need of more money in his business, sees that it is better to sell his railroad investment, even at a loss, than to let his expanding trade suffer.

A small investor, who is perhaps a manufacturer, during slack times may put his reserve capital into railroads. Yet if the orders for goods increase, he will sell his railroad securities. For, profit or no profit, the manufacturer must protect his business, since though his factory may run at a small margin of profit, yet to refuse orders for goods would be fatal to his future. Manufacturing is his business, his purchases of bonds or speculative stocks being matters of mere surplusage. This, however, is not the situation of a majority of merchants. Although business men may speak of 2 per cent. as a usual profit, yet their real gains may be much more than the percentage implies. For example, a firm with a capital of a million of dollars may sell eight millions worth of goods in gross annually. If there is a profit of even 2 per cent. upon the gross sales, as well as an interest charge of 6 per cent. upon the capital, the profits really are 22 per cent. upon the original investment. If, then, there is a boom in trade warranting such a calculation, outside investments yielding 5 or 6 per cent. of money which can now be used in business, are relatively dear at half the usual quotation. Here is one of the causes of stock declines.

Another consideration is not so favorable.

The uneasy money-lender is more apprehensive of the future of general business than of the railroads *per se*. For several years prices of staple goods have been low and the volume of trade has been moderate. After such an era, it is probable that we should this fall have seen a slight advance in prices and volume of business without the McKinley Bill. That Tariff Law, coming at a time when some advance was probable, has forced the rise far beyond its natural limits. Commerce now is feverish and uncertain as to the future, while still higher prices are predicted for everything. Even dealers in goods not affected by the new tariff have caught the contagion. But will the consumer continue to pay an advance estimated as high as 20 per cent. on the things he and his family have been used to buying? To do this and at the same time to purchase as much as before is a financial impossibility unless his income is increased in proportion. An increase in the consumer's wages or salary will be slow in coming, if it comes at all. Meanwhile, what is he to do? He must curtail his purchases by just the amount of the increase in price. In this readjustment between quantity and price of articles manufactured, sold, and consumed lies the danger. The question will be, What articles will the wage-earner dispense with? and which factory will (after the boom) be obliged to shorten work or close?

Every one has noticed that periods of lower and higher prices succeed each other in our commercial history. These changes, when brought about through natural causes and gradually, do comparatively little harm. On the contrary, the McKinley Bill, by its suddenness and by its large differences from former tariffs in important lines, is the greatest effort of modern times to change quickly and completely the settled channels of trade. Fortunately, the wealth and natural resources of our country will aid us in limiting the evil effects to a certain extent, and yet such a far-reaching readjustment of commercial conditions can be made only through losses. All business must feel the "boom" and the reaction to a certain degree, but many of our industries will reach a place of safety only after much financial distress. Which industries will be most seriously affected, is the question that capitalists are now asking themselves.

Railroad securities are no doubt encountering this feeling of uncertainty in advance of other business; and herein is another reason for the late declines. There is, however, good ground for believing that these same railroad securities will be found among our most stable investments by reason of the present readjustment. A reaction having been anticipated and "discounted," these securities are already prepared for any business trouble that may come. If none comes, they will be so much the better fortified.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

THREE has lately been issued from the Government Printing-office a series of documents relating to the International American Conference. These are five in number, each

one embracing a single subject, and they are bound in paper of different colors. The one entitled 'Report and Recommendations concerning a Plan of Arbitration' is in sky-blue, a most proper color, since it is conceived in the interest of heavenly peace. Of all the things considered by the Conference this is the one best entitled to commendation. Although it was not unanimously agreed to, it did, nevertheless, express the mature opinions of the American delegates and Government and of the American people, as we devoutly think. It was transmitted to the Senate and House of Representatives with a special message on the 3d of September last by President Harrison, who said: "The ratification of the treaties contemplated by these reports will constitute one of the happiest and most hopeful incidents in the history of the Western Hemisphere."

The plan of arbitration, after reciting the Christian motives that moved the framers "to lend their assent to the lofty principles of peace which the most enlightened public sentiment of the world approves," designates the subjects of international controversy as to which arbitration should be obligatory. These are "all controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, territories, indemnities, the right of navigation, and the validity, construction, and enforcement of treaties." As though this were not comprehensive enough, the next article says that arbitration shall be equally obligatory in all other cases, with one exception, namely, where, in the judgment of a nation, its independence is imperilled. Article v. declares that the scope of the plan includes all controversies now pending or hereafter arising. Article vii. provides that the choice of arbitrators shall not be limited to American States, but that any government may serve in that capacity. The remaining articles provide for the mode of choosing arbitrators and umpires, and for paying the expenses of arbitration.

The second grand division of the plan is entitled "Recommendation to European Powers." It recites that "this conference, having recommended arbitration for the settlement of disputes among the republics of America, begs leave to express the wish that controversies between them and the nations of Europe may be settled in the same friendly manner."

The appositeness of this entire scheme, and especially of the passage last quoted, to the Bering Sea dispute cannot be doubted. The subject is freshly brought to remembrance by an article in the *Herald of Peace*, an English publication, which has been sent to this country for distribution, not by the pestilent Cobden Club, but by the British Peace Society. The tone of the article is all that could be desired. Probably the publication and distribution of it is due to some shade of doubt whether the offer of Lord Salisbury to submit the Bering Sea question to arbitration is to be accepted by our Government or not. The latest information that we have had on this subject is contained in Mr. Blaine's letter of July 2 to Sir Julian Pauncefote, in which he

(Blaine) expressed regret that Lord Salisbury had refused to request British sealers to keep out of Bering Sea during the present season unless the United States should "forthwith" accept arbitration. In the same letter Mr. Blaine said: "An agreement to arbitrate requires careful consideration; the United States is perhaps more fully committed to that form of international adjustment than any other Power, but it cannot consent that the form in which arbitration shall be undertaken shall be decided without full consultation and conference between the two Governments." Very proper, of course. Lord Salisbury's "forthwith" was used in the sense of "simultaneously." Mr. Blaine had asked that Salisbury should "request" British sealers to keep out of Bering Sea during the season of 1890. Such a request coming from the Premier must be construed as a command in order to be effective, and yet, if any British sealer should disobey it, he could not be punished, because Lord Salisbury had no right under English law to issue such a command. Nevertheless, he said he would take it into consideration on certain conditions, one of which was that "the two governments agree forthwith to refer to arbitration the question," etc. It was not an unreasonable condition, if Salisbury was to take a step involving a good deal of personal responsibility, that, simultaneously with it, arbitration of the whole dispute should be agreed to; otherwise he would be exposed to the charge of assuming unconstitutional powers without advancing the settlement of the controversy.

Thus much explanation is requisite to show how the question now stands as between the two governments. Perhaps the time that has since passed has been usefully occupied with consultation and conference on this subject. We hope so, at all events. How it will stand between us and the world if the do-nothing policy is to spin itself out till the next season, can be read in the lines of the sky-blue document just issued from the Government Printing-office. We have, then, put upon record our testimony in favor of arbitration in all cases affecting "boundaries, territories, indemnities, and the right of navigation," and in all other cases not imperilling the independence of a nation. We have recommended the nations of Europe to adopt our plan so far as relates to their controversies with us. In due time we shall see what all this amounts to.

SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH.

EX-PRESIDENT WHITE's series of articles, running for some months in the *Popular Science Monthly*, were unfeeling in their exposure of the obscurantist attitude of the Church, standing in days gone by athwart almost all lines of scientific advance, and it is not strange that they have evoked remonstrances. A very clever and plausible offset to his damaging showing has been brought forward by Prof. Wright, who reminds him that theologians are not the only men who have got in the way of scientific progress, but that scientists themselves have

vied with the most obstreperous dogmatists of the Church in disparaging and denouncing some of the greatest discoveries ever made. Why single out the latter sinners? asks the professor, who would make the opposition of the Church of other times to the scientific spirit to be only a part of the general opposition of prejudice and conservatism to what is new.

This will do very well for a telling rejoinder from a man who is eminent both in the Church and in science, but it does not really touch the essential point. It is undoubtedly true that men of science have been thick-headed and narrow-minded, and have withstood the truth as vehemently as any theologian of them all; but they have always admitted that there was at least a question to discuss, that more was yet to be learned, and that what appeared settled one year might be all overturned another. The representatives of the Church, on the other hand, had nothing to do with such give-and-take of argument. For them the case was closed antecedently and for ever. They had in their keeping, they believed and maintained, a body of authoritative teaching covering all things in this world and the next, and new light was out of the question. Hence, in their view, science was not only mistaken, but presumptuous, and to refute its assertions by simple reference to the dogmas of the Church was only a preliminary to an attempt to crush it out utterly. This is the great difference: erring scientists have hindered scientific progress by alleging lack of proof for the asserted advance; theologians have hindered it by declaring it inconsistent with an infallible authority. In one case there has been the clash of even-handed debate, out of which comes clearer knowledge; in the other, the intolerant cries of men who supposed themselves speaking in the name of supreme wisdom.

All this straw is well threshed, however, and it is not in our mind to stir it up afresh; we simply desired to refer to it as a point of departure for remarking on the sweeping change that time has wrought in the attitude of the Church towards scientific inquiry. It is no wonder that the ancient antagonism seems incredible and is denied at present, in view of the fact that to-day the results of scientific investigation are followed with keener interest by no body of men, not themselves scientists, than by the more intelligent and alert among the clergy. Indeed, the whole tendency now is, so far from decrying science, to hasten to accept its more advanced teachings, and to find in them new and convincing arguments for the truth of Christianity. Modern apologetics is filled with scientific terms and ideas pressed into service for the defence of the faith.

This changed attitude of the Church has some grotesque aspects. The old serene intolerance has in some cases given way to abject fear. We know one aged doctor of divinity who lives in daily dread that the doctrine of spontaneous generation may be proved true. He is almost afraid to read his morning paper lest he find that some man of science has succeeded in getting

life from dead matter in such a way as to defy Tyndall's tests. The old divine is undoubtedly wrong in thinking that to establish spontaneous generation would be to destroy Christianity; theology has received many wounds as deadly as that would be, only to readjust itself to the new conditions and go on as before. But his alarm unquestionably reflects the real feeling of a great many of his class, who have had to get on leviathan's back, but are much disturbed as to where he may finally land them.

One curious product of the new relations between the Church and science is the lecturing charlatan who knows little theology and less science, but goes about pretending to harmonize the two in great swelling words of vanity. This type reached its consummate flower about ten years ago in the person of Joseph Cook, who has since been steadily sinking into the depths to join his own "Bathysbius," much to the relief of all who love quiet. Of a far different class is Prof. Drummond, who writes his famous book, not to show that Christianity does not oppose science, not to prove that science is not inconsistent with Christianity, but to maintain that Christianity and science are identical. The chorus of delight with which this supposed demonstration was received by a large part of the Christian world sufficiently indicates the new place that science has made for itself in Christian minds. The strange tricks which geology has played with the interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis are destined to be duplicated or outdone in many departments of Christian doctrine.

Much more important than all this is the fact that there is a considerable body of Christian teachers who have made that best use of the scientific spirit of their time which consists in becoming cautious in stating their own views, and open-minded in receiving new light. The leading Professor in an orthodox theological seminary, who was an eager student even in his old age, used to say to his classes: "We really have no theology to-day, young gentlemen; we have something that will do for women and children, but have nothing for men. We cannot have it for years yet. We have to wait till we get a psychology, which we have not now. What you must do is to preach morality and religion, and let theology alone until you get something that a man can preach with self-respect." Such men must always have a better claim on the future than one like Cardinal Newman, who took fright at the spirit of inquiry, and sought refuge in the fancied security of an unchanged past.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE RUSSIAN CENSOR.

IN spite of the advantage which I enjoyed in a preliminary knowledge of the Russian language and literature, I was imbued with various false ideas, the origin of which it is not necessary to trace on this occasion. I freed myself from some of them; among others, from my theory as to the working of the censorship in the case of foreign literature. My theory was the one commonly

held by Americans, and, as I found to my surprise, by not a few Russians, viz., that books and periodicals which have been wholly or in part condemned by the Censor are to be procured only in a mutilated condition, or by surreptitious means, or not at all. That this is not the case I acquired ample proof through my personal experience.

The first thing that an American does on his arrival in St. Petersburg is to scan the foreign newspapers in the hotels eagerly for traces of the Censor's blot—*le masque noir*, "caviare"—his idea being that at least one-half of the page will be thus veiled from sight. But specimens are not always or even very often to be procured with ease. In fact, the demand exceeds the supply sometimes, if I may judge from my own observations, and from the pressing applications for these curiosities which I received from disappointed seekers. The finest of these black diamonds may generally be found in the inventive news columns of the London dailies and in the flippant paragraphs of *Punch*.

Like the rest of the world, I was on the lookout for the Censor's work from the day of my arrival, but it was a long time before my search was rewarded by anything except a caricature of the Censor himself in *Kladderadatsch*. That it was left unmasked was my first proof that that gentleman, individually and collectively, was not deficient in a sense of humor. The sketch represented a dishevelled scribe seated three-quarters submerged in a bottle of ink, from the half-open cover of which his quill pen projected like a signal of distress. This was accompanied by an inscription to the effect that as the Russian Censor had blacked so many other people, he might now sit in the black for a while himself. Perhaps the Censor thought that remarks of that sort came with peculiar grace from martinet-ruled Berlin. About this time I received a copy of the *Century* containing—or rather, not containing—the first article in the prohibited series by Mr. Kennan. I made no remonstrance, but mentioned the fact, as an item of interest, to the sender, who forthwith despatched the article in an envelope. The envelope being small, the plump package had the appearance of containing a couple of pairs of gloves or other dutiable merchandise. Probably that was the reason why the authorities cut open one end. Finding that it was merely innocent printed matter, they gave it to me on the very day of its arrival in Petersburg, and thirteen days from the date of posting in New York. I know that it was my duty to get excited over this incident, as did a foreign (that is, a non-Russian) acquaintance of mine, when he received an envelope of similar plump aspect containing a bulky Christmas card, which was delivered decorated with five very frank and huge official seals, after having been opened for contraband goods. I did not feel aggrieved, however, and, being deficient in that Mother Eve quality which attributes vast importance to whatever is forbidden, I suggested that nothing more which was obnoxious to the Russian Government should be sent to me.

But when a foreigner offered the magazine to me, regularly, uncut, I did not refuse it. When a Russian volunteered to furnish me with it later on, I read it. When I saw summaries of the prohibited articles in the Russian press, I looked them over to see whether they were well done. When I saw another copy of the *Century*, with other American magazines, at the house of a second Russian, I did not shut my eyes to the fact, neither did I close my ears when I was told that divers instructors of

youth in Petersburg, Moscow, and elsewhere were in regular receipt of it, on the principle which is said to govern clergymen away from home, viz., that in order to preach effectively against evil one must make personal acquaintance with it. I was also told at the English Bookstore that they had seven or eight copies of the magazine, which had been subscribed for through them, lying at the Censor's office awaiting proper action on the part of the subscribers. What that action was I did not ask at the time, in my embarrassment of riches. It will be perceived that when we add the copies received by officials, and those given to the members of the Diplomatic Corps who desired it, there was no real dearth of the *Century* at any time.

About this time, also, I had occasion to hunt up a package of miscellaneous newspapers which had lingered as such parcels are apt to linger in all post-offices. In pursuance of my preconceived notions, I jumped to the conclusion that the Censor had them, regardless of the contingency that they might have been lost out of Russia. I called to ask for the papers. The official whom I found explained, with native Russian courtesy, that I had come to the wrong place, that office being devoted to foreign matter in book-form; but that, in all probability, the papers had become separated from their wrapper in the newspaper department (which was heedless) when they had been opened for examination, and hence it had been impossible to deliver them. Still, they might have been detained for some good reason, and he would endeavor to find some record of them.

While he was gone, my eyes fell upon his account book, which lay open before me. It constituted a sort of literary book-keeping. The entries showed what books had been received, what had been forbidden, what was to be erased, whose property had been manipulated, and, most interesting of all, which forbidden books had been issued by permission, and to whom. Among these I read the titles of works by Stepniak, and of various works on Nihilism, all of which must certainly have come within the category of utterly proscribed literature, and not of that which is promptly forwarded to its address after a more or less liberal sprinkling of "caviare." As I am not in the habit of reading private records on the sly, even when thus tempted, I informed the official, on his return, of my action, and asked a question or two.

"Do you really let people have these forbidden books?" "Certainly," was his half-surprised, half-indignant reply. "And what can one have?" "Anything," said he, "only we must, of course, have some knowledge of the person. What should you like?"

I could only express my regret that I felt no craving for any prohibited literature at that moment, but I told him that I would endeavor to cultivate a taste in that direction to oblige him; and I suggested that, as his knowledge of me was confined to the last ten minutes, I did not quite understand how he could pass judgment as to what mental and moral food was suited to my constitution, and as to the use I might make of it. He laughed amiably, and said: "*Nitcheró*—that's all right; you may have whatever you please." I never had occasion to avail myself of the offer, but I know that Russians who are well posted do so, although I also know that many Russians are not aware of their privileges in this direction. It is customary to require from Russians who receive literature of this sort a promise that they will let no other person see it—an engagement which is as religiously ob-

served as might be expected, as the authorities are doubtless aware.

I did not pursue my search for the missing papers. I had allowed so much time to elapse that I perceived the uselessness of further action; they were evidently lost, and it mattered little as to the manner. Shortly afterwards I received the first of my only two specimens of Censorial caviare. It was on a political cartoon in a New York comic paper. I sent it back to America for identification of the picture, and it was lost between New York and Boston; which reconciled me to the possible carelessness of the Russian Post-office in the case of the newspapers just cited.

My next experience was with Count Lyeff N. Tolstoy's work entitled '*Life*.' This was not allowed to be printed in book form, although nearly the whole of it subsequently appeared in instalments, as "extracts," in a weekly journal. I received the manuscript as a registered mail packet. The author was anxious that my translation should be submitted in the proof-sheets to a philosophical friend of his in Petersburg, who read English, in order that the latter might see if I had caught the sense of the somewhat abstract and complicated propositions. It became a problem how those proof-sheets were to reach me safely and promptly. The problem was solved by having them directed outright to the Censor's office, whence they were delivered to me; and, as there proved to be nothing to alter, they speedily returned to America as a registered parcel. My own opinion now is, that they would not have reached me a whit less safely or promptly had they been addressed straight to me. The bound volumes of my translation were so addressed later on, and I do not think that they were even opened at the office, the law to the contrary notwithstanding.

All this time I had been receiving a New York weekly paper with very little delay and no mutilation. But at this juncture an amiable friend subscribed in my name for the *Century*, and I determined to make a personal trial of the workings of the Censorship in as strong a case as I could have found had I deliberately desired to invent a test case. I may as well remark here that "the Censor" is not the hard-worked omnivorous reader of mountains of print and manuscript which the words represent to the mind of the ordinary foreigner. The work of auditing literature, so to speak, is subdivided among such a host of men that office hours are brief, much of the foreign reading at least is done at home, and the lucky members of the committee keep themselves agreeably posted upon matters in general, while enjoying the fruits of office.

The Censor's waiting-room was well patronized on my arrival. An official who was holding a consultation with one of the visitors inquired my business. I stated it briefly, and shortly afterwards he retired into an adjoining room, which formed the beginning of a vista of apartments and officials. While I waited, a couple of men were attended to so near me that I heard their business. It consisted in obtaining official permission to print the bills and programmes of a musical and variety entertainment. To this end they had brought not only the list of performers and proposed selections, but also the pictures for advertisement, and the music which was to be given. As the rare traveller who can read Russian is already aware, the programme of every public performance bears the printed authorization of the Censor, as a matter of course, quite as much as does a book. It is an easy way of controlling the character of assemblages, the value of which can hardly be disputed even by those preju-

diced persons who insist upon seeing in this Russian proceeding something more arbitrary than the ordinary city license which is required for performances elsewhere. In Russia, as elsewhere, an ounce of prevention is worth fully a pound of cure. This, by the way, is the only form in which a foreigner is likely to come in contact with the domestic censure in Russia unless he should wish to insert an advertisement in a newspaper, or issue printed invitations to a gathering at his house, or send new telegrams. In these cases he may be obliged to submit to delay in the appearance of his advertisement, or requested to go to the elegance and expense of engraved invitations, or to detain his telegram for a day or two.

Just as these gentlemen had paid their fee, and resigned their documents to the official who had charge of their case, another official issued from the inner room, approached me, requested me to sign my name in a huge ledger, and, that being done, thrust into my hands a bulky manuscript, and departed. The manuscript had a taking title, but I did not pause to examine it. Penetrating the inner sanctum, I brought out the official and endeavored to return the packet. He refused to take it—it was legally mine. This contest lasted for several minutes until I saw a literary-looking man enter from the ante-room and look rather wildly at us. Evidently this was the owner, and, elevating the manuscript, I inquired if it was his. He hastened to my assistance and proved his rights. But, as erasures do not look well in account books, and as my name already occupied the space allotted to that particular parcel, he was not requested to sign for it, and I believe that I am still legally qualified to read, perform, or publish—whatever it was—that talented production.

A dapper little gentleman, with a dry, authoritative air, then emerged and assumed charge of me. I explained my desire to receive, uncensored, a journal which was prohibited.

"Certainly," said he, without inquiring how I knew the facts. "Just write down your application and sign it."

"I don't know the form," I answered.

He seemed surprised at my ignorance of such an every-day detail, but fetched paper and dictated a petition, which I wrote down and signed. When we reached the point where the name of the publication was to be inserted, he paused to ask: "How many should you like?"

"How many copies of the *Century*? Only one," said I.

"No, no; how many periodical publications should you like?"

"How many can I have on this petition?" I retorted in Yankee fashion.

"As many as you please. Do you want four—six—eight? Write in the names legibly."

I gasped, but told him that I was not grasping; I preferred to devote my time to Russian publications while in Russia, and that I would only add the name of the weekly which I was already receiving, merely with the object of expediting its delivery a little. The document was then furnished with the regulation eighty-kopek stamp (worth at that time about thirty-seven cents), and the business was concluded. As I was in summer quarters out of town, and it was not convenient for me to call in person and inquire whether permission had been granted, another stamp was added to insure the answer being sent to me. The license arrived in a few days, and the magazine began to come promptly, unopened. I was not even asked not to show it to other people. I may state here that, while I never circulated any of the numerous prohibited books and manu-

scripts which came into my possession during my stay in Russia, I never concealed them. I showed the *Century* occasionally to personal friends of the class who could have had it themselves had they taken any permanent interest in the matter; but it is certain that they kept their own counsel and mine in all respects.

Everything proceeded satisfactorily until I went to Moscow to stay for a time. It did not occur to me to inform the Censor of my move, and the result was that the first number of the magazine which I received there was as fine a "specimen" as heart could desire. The line on the title-page which referred to the obnoxious article had been scratched out; the body of the article had been cut out; the small concluding portion at the top of a page had been artistically "caviared." Of course, the article ending upon the back of the first page extracted had been spoiled. On this occasion I was angry, not at the mutilation as such, but at the breach of faith. I sat down, while my wrath was still hot, and indited a letter to the Head Censor in Petersburg. I do not recollect the exact terms of that letter, but I know I told him that he had no right to cut the book after granting me leave to receive it intact, without first sending me word that he had changed his mind, and giving valid reasons therefor; that the course he had adopted was injudicious in the extreme, since it was calculated to arouse curiosity instead of allaying it, and that it would be much better policy to ignore the matter. I concluded by requesting him to restore the missing article, if he had preserved it, and if he had not, to send at once to London (that being nearer than New York) and order me a fresh copy of the magazine at his expense.

A month elapsed, no answer came; but at the end of the month another mutilated *Century* arrived. This time I waited two or three days in the hope of inventing an epistle which should be more forcible—if such a thing were possible—than my last, and yet calm. The letter was half written when an official envelope made its appearance from Petersburg, containing cut pages and an apologetic explanation to the effect that the Moscow Censor, through an oversight, had not been duly instructed in his duty towards me. A single glance showed me that the enclosed sheets belonged to the number just received, not to the preceding number. I drove immediately to the Moscow office and demanded the Censor. "You can tell me what you want with him," said the ante-room Cerberus. "Send me the Censor," said I. After further repetition, he retired and sent in a man who requested me to state my business. "You are not the Censor," I said, after a glance at him. "Send him out or I will go to him." Then they decided that I was a connoisseur in censors, and the proper official made his appearance, accompanied by an interpreter, on the strength of the foreign name upon my card. Convinced that the latter would not understand English well, like many Russians who can talk the language fluently enough, I declined his services, produced my documents from the Petersburg Censor, and demanded restitution of the other confiscated article. I obtained it, being allowed my pick from a neatly labelled package of contraband goods. That scratched, cut, caviared magazine is now in my possession, with the restored sheets and the Censor's apology appended. It is my proof to unbelievers that the Russian Censor is not so black as he is painted.

As we shook hands with this Moscow official, after a friendly chat, I asked him if he would be a little obtuse arithmetically as to

the old and new style of reckoning, and let me have my January *Century* if it arrived before my departure for Petersburg, as my license expired January 1. He smilingly agreed to do so. I also called on the Moscow Book Censor, to find some books. The courtesy and readiness to oblige me on the part of the officials had been so great, that I felt aggrieved upon this occasion when this Censor requested me to return on the regular business day, and declined to overhaul his whole department for me on the spot. I did return on the proper day, and watched operations while due search was being made for my missing property. It reached me a few days later, unopened, the delay having occurred at my banker's, not in the post-office or Censor's department.

On my return to Petersburg, my first visit was to the Censor's office, where I copied my original petition, signed it, and dismissed the matter from my mind until my February *Century* reached me with one article missing and two articles spoiled. I paid another visit to the office, and was informed that my petition for a renewal of permission had not been granted.

"Why didn't you send me word earlier?" I asked.

"We were not bound to do so without the extra stamp," replied my dapper official.

"But why has my application been refused?"

"Too many people are seeing that journal; some one must be refused."

"Nonsense," said I. "And if it is really so, I am not the proper person to be rejected. It will hurt some of these Russian subscribers more than it will me, because it is only a question of when I shall read it, not of whether I shall read it at all. I wonder that so many demoralizing things do not affect the officials. However, that is not the point: pray keep for your own use anything which you regard as deleterious to me. I am obliged to you for your consideration. But you have no right to spoil three or four articles; and by a proper use of scissors and caviare that can easily be avoided. In any case, it will be much better to give me the book uncut."

The official and the occupants of the reception-room seemed to find my view very humorous; but he declared that he had no power in the matter.

"Very well," said I, taking a seat. "I will see the Censor."

"I am the Censor," he replied.

"Oh, no. I happen to be aware that the Head Censor is expected in a few minutes, and I will wait."

My (apparently) intimate knowledge of the ways of censors again won the day. The chief actually was expected, and I was granted the first audience. I explained matters and repeated my arguments. He sent for the assistant.

"Why was not this application granted?" he asked impressively.

"We don't know, your Excellency," was the meek reply.

"You may go," said his Excellency. Then he turned graciously to me. "You will receive it."

"Uncut?"

"Yes."

"But will they let me have it?"

"Will—they—let—you—have—it—when—I say—so?" he retorted with tremendous dignity.

Then I knew that I should have no further trouble; and I was right. I received no written permission, but the magazine was never interfered with again. Thus it will be seen that

one practically registers periodicals wholesale, at a wonderfully favorable discount.

During the whole of my stay in Russia I received many books unread, apparently even unopened to see whether they belonged on the free list. In one case, at least, volumes which were posted before the official date of publication reached me by the next city delivery after the letter announcing their despatch. Books which were addressed to me at the Legation, to assure delivery when my exact address was unknown or when my movements were uncertain, were, in every case but one, sent to me direct from the post-office. I have no reason to suppose that I was unusually favored in any way. I used no "influence," I mentioned no names.

An incident which procured for me the pleasure of an interview with the Chief Censor for newspapers and so forth, will illustrate some of the erroneous ideas entertained by strangers. I desired to send to some friends in Russia a year's subscription each of a certain American magazine, which sometimes justly receives a sprinkling of caviare, for its folly, but which is not on the black list, and is fairly well known in Petersburg. After some delay an answer came to the effect that the publishers had consulted the United States postal officials, and had been informed that "no periodical literature could be sent to Russia, this being strictly prohibited." I took this letter to the Newspaper Censor, who found it amusingly and amazingly stupid. He explained that the only thing which is absolutely prohibited is Russian text printed outside of Russia, which would never be delivered. He did not explain the reason, but I knew that he referred to the socialistic, nihilistic, and other proscribed works which are published in Geneva or Leipzig. Daily foreign newspapers can be received regularly only by persons who are duly authorized. Permission cannot be granted to receive occasional packages of miscellaneous contents, the reason for this regulation being very clear. And all books must be examined if new, or treated according to the place assigned them on the lists if they have already had a verdict pronounced upon them. I may add, in this connection, that I had the magazines I wished subscribed for under another name, to avoid the indelicacy of contradicting my fellow-countrymen. They were then forwarded direct to the Russian addresses, where they were duly and regularly received. Whether they were mutilated, I do not know. They certainly need not have been had the recipients taken the trouble to obtain permission as I did, if they were aware of the possibility. It is probable that I could have obtained permission for them had I not been pressed for time.

I once asked a member of the Censorship Committee on foreign books on what principle of selection he proceeded. He said that disrespect to the Emperor and the Greek Church was officially prohibited, that he admitted everything which did not err too grossly in that direction, and, in fact, everything except French novels of the modern realistic school. He drew the line at these, as pernicious to both men and women. He asked me if I had read a certain new book which was on the proscribed list. I said that I had, and in the course of the discussion which ensued, I rose to fetch the volume in question from the table behind him to verify a passage. (This occurred during a friendly call.) I recollected, however, that that copy had not entered the country by post, and that, consequently, the name of the owner therein inscribed would not be found on the list of authorized readers any

more than my own. I am sure, however, that nothing would have happened if he had seen it, and he must have understood my movement. My business dealings were wholly with strangers.

It seems to be necessary, although it ought not to be so, to remind American readers that Russia is not the only land where the censorship exists, to a greater or less extent. Even in the United States, which is popularly regarded as the land of unlicensed license in a literary sense—even in the Boston Public Library, which is admitted to be a model of good sense and wide liberality—all books are not bought or issued indiscriminately to all readers irrespective of age and so forth. The necessity for making special application may, in some cases, whet curiosity, but it also, undoubtedly, acts as a check upon unhealthy tastes, even when the book may be publicly purchased. I have heard Russians who did not wholly agree with their own censorship assert, nevertheless, that a strict censure was better than the total absence of it, apparently, in America, the utterances of whose press are regarded by foreigners in general as decidedly startling.

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

LONDON, October 4, 1890.

THERE is no group of artists in England who understand so well the uses of advertisements as the men who form the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which has been in existence now but three short years. To say that it has for President Mr. Walter Crane, for chief supporters Mr. William Morris, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, Mr. Henry Holiday, and the members of the Century Guild and the East End Guild and School of Handicraft, is to explain at once that it is under the management of those artists and craftsmen who, for eccentricity either of artistic work or social creed, talk more about themselves and get themselves more talked about by others than any of their fellow-workers in this country. If a man will but declare often enough and loud enough, "I alone am great, I alone know the Truth!" he is certain to find enthusiastic followers who put all their faith and trust in him. The members of this society have so repeatedly and with such conviction proclaimed that they are the saving remnant in the modern art world, that many people not only look to them for all that is best in the arts of design to-day, but believe that with them rests all hope for the future of these arts in England. It is for this reason, now when the degeneracy of decorative work is publicly lamented and the failure of South Kensington to mend matters generally confessed, that special interest is attached to the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions.

The first had the charm of novelty to counterbalance its somewhat obvious defects; and if it seemed too much the show of a mere clique to be truly representative, the difficulty of making the Society's aims and objects widely known at the very outset was an excellent and reasonable excuse. Last year the tendency to confine the exhibition to one special and small school was still more marked; and so trivial and so numerous were the exhibits sent by one or two of the exhibitors that they were somewhat severely taken to task for monopolizing all available wall space, to the exclusion of other and better work, with the out-scourings from their own studios. Indeed, from this arose one very pretty fight in an afternoon daily, in which Mr. Walter Crane unwittingly admitted the

narrow principles of his Society by complaining that a rank individualist had been sent as art critic to their exhibition. Apparently the test of contributions submitted to the Hanging Committee was the social doctrine held by artist or craftsman. But the adverse criticisms of last year have not been without their good effect, and in the Preface to the Catalogue of this year's show, just opened in the New Gallery on Regent Street, Mr. Crane is careful to explain that—

"The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, while at first, of necessity, depending on the work of a comparatively limited circle, have no wish to be narrower than the recognition of certain fundamental principles in design will allow, and, indeed, desire but to receive and show the best after its kind in contemporary design and handicraft. Judgment is not always infallible, and the best is not always forthcoming, and in a mixed exhibition it is difficult to maintain an unvarying standard."

This desire for greater breadth shows itself in the fact that certain firms who have hitherto held aloof are now exhibiting; in the increased space given to furniture (much of which, however, might profitably have been excluded), and to embroidery, and in the moderation of the old exhibitors, who, though several still send works with a lavishness which they would be the first to condemn if indulged in by a Royal Academician at Burlington House, have not been quite so generous with their own productions as hitherto, and have contented themselves with sending serious work, and not any mere trivial and valueless experiment that might be knocking about the studio.

But while there is less triviality, and at least an attempt at less exclusiveness than there was last year, while there are fewer pieces of furniture and cartoons and drawings in which good workmanship has been aggressively sacrificed to morality, the exhibition as a whole is uninteresting and colorless. There is nothing that is very striking either in itself or for the promise it gives of a healthier and more vigorous state of things in the future, or for even a suggestion of originality. There is some good—some very good—work, of course. It is true that the exhibits which will attract most attention and furnish most paragraphs in the press depend for their interest on anything rather than their artistic quality. There is, for example, the extraordinarily ugly Irish national banner, designed by Walter Crane, executed by Una Taylor, and exhibited by Charles Stewart Parnell, with a Celtic cross of flames enclosing the national harp, and set about with heraldic devices on a vivid green ground, which will probably be more discussed than anything in the show; but while it may be full of meaning from the heraldic standpoint, it is quite wanting in beauty of color or design. The names of Holman Hunt, who, as far as I know, has never before appeared as a designer, and Ford Madox Brown, whose work can so seldom be seen in London, and of one or two other men of conspicuous personality, may lend a certain interest to examples of design and handicraft which would otherwise be passed by with indifference. There is, however, much of genuine and intrinsic merit.

Mr. William Morris, whatever doubt one may have of his sanity as a social prophet (and for some incomprehensible reason he has made it impossible to consider Morris the artist apart from Morris the Socialist), whatever objection one may make to the narrowness of his theory of the limitations of design, is unquestionably a master of his own special and admirable methods; and to the show he contributes some of the best examples from his Ox-

ford Street shop, some of the most successful productions from his factory at Merton. One of the finest exhibits in the entire collection is a piece of handwoven Arras tapestry which, though designed by Mr. J. H. Dearle, was executed under the superintendence of Mr. Morris, and comes from Morris & Co.'s workshops. The color scheme is fine. The subject is "The Forest," and the bright yet not crude greens of the trees in the foreground are in harmonious relief against the rich deep blues of the duly conventionalized distant thicket; it is really a very beautiful piece of color, a good design skilfully and adequately rendered in the medium employed. Its weak point is the drawing in the deer browsing under the trees—indeed, draughtsmanship is not the virtue of the designers who exhibit in the New Gallery—while the decorative border of flowers in the immediate foreground might be less spotty and restless; but, altogether, it is a very successful specimen of the Morris tapestries. There are also cabinets from the same firm, excellent in design and—what is of no small importance—workmanship; drawers open easily and keys turn readily in the locks, and these are qualities to be appreciated in furniture exhibited by a society which finds ample room for the much-vaunted "love-work" (indifferently made chairs and cabinets by benevolently minded men) from Toynbee-Hall apostles of art in East London.

It is almost too late in the day to dwell in detail on the Morris embroideries. Many examples are to be seen here, and, vigorous as they are and free from amateurish prettiness, none call for special notice because of originality or unusual beauty. It is worth noting, however, that many of the embroideries, not merely of this but of other firms and individual exhibitors, show how much stronger the school of design chiefly represented is in color than in drawing. Nor do the faded tones and sickly shades associated with its leaders' names predominate. There is good strong color, well arranged and harmonized, in much of the work. One of the most striking examples is a curtain by Miss May Morris, with stiff mediæval trees (that look as if they had originally overshadowed Adam and Eve on an old missal or on an old brass plaque or carven stall), worked on an almost brilliant blue background; and very effective it is.

Decorations for a plaster ceiling, designed and executed by Mr. Stephen Webb, one of the chief designers in the firm of Collinson & Lock, serve as a reminder—much needed in the Gallery—that good models of design do not cease abruptly with the fourteenth century. His charming arrangement of little naked boys, for border and centre-piece, with its delicate scroll work and flying ribbon finials, has much of the feeling of the best domestic decoration done in early Georgian days. It is a relief to find that there are English designers still left who can free themselves from archaic affectation. Conspicuous among the good things are small bronze statuettes of Mr. Onslow Ford's "Peace," exhibited at last spring's Academy, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "General Gordon" (this, however, has already been seen elsewhere). And much of the glass and the brass work, notably the well-known lamps of the Bensons, as well as the fine De Morgan pottery, is of unquestioned excellence, though in design varying but little from specimens on view in the shop-windows of the exhibiting firms. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's book-bindings, while expressing none of that soulfulness which he claims for them, are very creditable examples of the book-binder's craft; and the

large exhibit made by the Chiswick Press is still more interesting to the book-lover. It is also a pleasure to know that Mr. Morris is beginning to find followers in the art of book-illumination; Mr. G. E. Reuter, whose name is new to me at least, has designed and illuminated several sheets of the 'Roots of the Mountains' in a manner which shows, if no great originality, very careful study of his master.

Of the contributions of Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Walter Crane there is really little to be said. Nine cartoons of angels designed by the former for a window at Jesus College, Cambridge, show nine repetitions of the familiar Burne-Jones's sexless type, this time in angelic attire. Mr. Crane has often been seen to better advantage; he sends a design for wall-paper which is excellent, if not quite up to his peacock pattern of last year, but he seems of late to have confined himself chiefly to *gesso* work, with results which suggest that either he has not yet mastered his medium, or that, if he has, it is not worth the mastering.

When all is said, the truth still remains that the exhibition fails to awaken any very lively interest or enthusiasm. Why this should be, the Society, as if to save the visitor the trouble, have helped to explain, though I fancy quite unconsciously. In their catalogue it is their custom to publish several preliminary papers on the different arts represented, written by men always of practical experience, even if sometimes of no great fame. The leading members, who this year are trying to keep more in the background than usual, have left the writing of these papers to others of less prominence, and the latter have spoken out upon their respective subjects all too honestly. One after another, with occasional exceptions, they deplore the degeneracy of modern decorative art; one after another they have sought to point out the reasons for this degeneracy, and it is significant, if unexpected, to find how well they agree that one of the chief causes is, to quote from the opening paper, "the fashion for archæological mimicry." Mr. Reginald T. Blomfield ascribes the beginning of the evil in England to the ridiculous mediævalism of Horace Walpole; declares that the men of days when good work was done "made no laborious search for quaintness, no disordered attempt to combine the peculiarities of a dozen different ages"; and warns his readers that the English tradition, without respect to which there will never be good work in England, will not spring up again "till the artists try to make the unity of the arts a real thing, and the craftsman grows callous to fashion and archæology." "Shall we," asks Mr. John D. Sedding, writing of needlework, "shall we continue to hunt old trails, and die, not leaving the world richer than we found it? Or shall we, for art and honor's sake, boldly adventure something—drop this wearisome translation of old styles and translate Nature instead?" And Mr. Selwyn Image on the same subject is no less explicit:

"The study of old work is of the highest importance, is essential; the patient and humble study of it. But for what end? To learn principles and methods; to secure a sound foundation for one's self; not to slavishly imitate results and live on, bound hand and foot, in the swaddling clothes of precedent. Learn your business in the schools, but go out to Nature for your inspiration. See Nature through your own eyes, and be a persistent and curious observer of her infinite wonders."

It is fortunately explained by a preliminary note that, for the opinions expressed in all these papers, the writers thereof are exclusively responsible; otherwise the show would

seem to demonstrate how great a gulf extends between the theory and practice of its supporters. For it is this very striving after quaint or archæological effects, this very spirit of imitation, which prevails here as it did in the old Grosvenor Gallery. And now that novelty no longer lends charm to "archæological mimicry," now that the one man of genius who in the very beginning made it possible is dead, one wearies of the repeated and childish efforts to conceal weakness in drawing under Gothic or primitive pretensions. The crude shortcomings of men who would have been the first to relinquish their imperfect methods had they lived in a later age, are copied as if these alone gave value to the old work. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and not nature, have been studied. This is evident in every department, in every branch of design—in the embroideries, with their mediæval foliage and figures and arabesques; in the church decorations, with their absurd and pompous "quaintness"; in the book illustrations, with their style founded upon that of the earliest wood-blocks; in the cartoons, with their pre-Raphaelite drawing and composition. As I have already said, there are exceptions; a healthier spirit is manifested in the glass and pottery, and in the designs of Mr. Webb and one or two others. But these, it is to be regretted, are the exceptions to the general Gothic rule which gives character to the exhibition. Even when the mediævalism is less apparent, there is a seeking after eccentricity, as in several of the exhibits of the Century Guild, which is scarcely more satisfactory. With all the will in the world, eccentricity and mediævalism cannot make up for want of originality, and it is because of the absence of individuality in conception or treatment—within, of course, the due conventional limits—that the exhibition is so curiously lacking in interest as a whole.

A most praiseworthy aim of the Society is to increase the feeling for the unity of the arts, to bring artists and craftsmen, who have drifted only too far asunder, into closer sympathy. Mr. Crane, in his already quoted preface, hints that there is a possibility of a building being secured and schools opened in order that the Society's aims may be the better realized, their work better carried on and completed. But if the Society's schools borrow their standard from the Society's exhibitions, not even the union of artists and craftsmen will be sufficient to establish the arts of design in England on a sound and healthy basis.

I must not omit to mention a very practical innovation, introduced this year. There is to be a series of free evenings for "that part of the public who have no leisure in the daytime," namely, craftsmen, students, and workers in the arts. But for this sensible arrangement, many to whom the exhibition appeals most directly would never be able to visit it.

Correspondence.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with much interest in your paper of September 25 a letter with the above title signed with the initials "A. F. H." Your correspondent very truly says that criticism and the Sunday-school are incompatible. So are criticism and all school-teaching whatever, as it must be founded on authority or it would come to confusion. The future will find itself

in the same condition as the present; it will have to assert and maintain the intellectual authority of schoolmasters, and to impose intellectual submission on their pupils, if teaching is to go on at all. The misfortune of the present age is, that while new beliefs are substituting themselves for old ones in the minds of thinking men, it is not yet possible to teach the new beliefs authoritatively, because they are not yet settled and accepted by the community.

The falseness of our present position may be compared to that of the European Governments just before the revolution in naval armaments. They were aware that the old system could not last long, yet they went on building in the old way because the new principles were not yet so clearly understood as to be brought at once into practice. So they wasted money and they lost time; yet it is not easy to see how they could prudently have done otherwise. In matters of opinion it may happen that a minority, with the force of the past behind it, overrules with that momentum the strength of a majority. In the conflict between science and theology the whole momentum of the past is on the side of theology, and it is not yet by any means exhausted. Besides this, theology has had time to associate itself with social morality and with political stability, while science is quite by itself, and has not had time to ally itself with other powers. Hence, although the morality of the Old Testament is certainly not our morality, it is somehow indirectly associated with it, which Darwinism is not.

It seems to me, however, that the time has now come when all the accepted results of science—those on which all scientific men are agreed—should be taught authoritatively in schools, and substituted for earlier systems that we now know to have been only temporary and provisional. This is already done to a considerable extent, by clear and intelligible scientific manuals, in the schools under the direct control of the French Government.

Your correspondent "A. F. H." observes that "society, public sentiment, does not require that we should practise honesty in the matter of our beliefs. It encourages just the opposite course." Yes, we live in an age when the prizes of life are freely given as rewards for hypocrisy, and steadily refused to outspoken honesty. By the prizes of life I mean honorable and lucrative situations, social rank, and the sort of marriage by which a man rises in the world. The influence of the clergy and of women is now in great part directed to procure what they know to be only an external submission, involving a considerable number of lies in the course of the year. A mother is perfectly aware that her son does not believe in miracles, and she implores him to attend mass "to please his poor mother." Sisters and wives exercise the same influence in favor of shamming when they clearly know it to be shamming. In the case of the clergy, the explanation seems to be the desire for an apparent external success; but in the case of women it is probably their instinctive conservatism, their desire to uphold all established usages. Some of your readers will remember what Sir Henry Maine said on this subject:

"Are, then, women characterized by a passion for change? Surely, there is no fact witnessed to by a greater amount of experience than that, in all communities, they are the strictest conservators of usage and the sternest censors of departure from accepted rules of morals, manners, and fashions."

What we desire for the future, and what *must* ultimately come with time, is the establishment of some moral authority in complete

harmony with modern knowledge. Any established moral authority is sure to have the support of women, and then the present conflict will be at an end. P. G. HAMERTON.

AUTUM, October 8, 1890.

UNSECTARIAN SECTARIANISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a note of your issue of the 2d instant, mentioning the fact that a Unitarian, a Universalist, and another not a church-member are on important committees representing the trustees of the new Baptist University in Chicago, you remark: "Such things would have seemed nothing short of incredible less than fifty years ago." Permit me to call the attention of your readers to a similar breadth and liberality in a Baptist college founded one hundred and twenty-six years ago. I quote from the charter of Brown University, which was adopted in 1764, the following sentences (the italics are mine):

"It is hereby enacted, ordained, and declared, that it is now, and at all times hereafter shall continue to be, the unalterable constitution of this College or University that the Corporation thereof shall consist of two branches, to wit: That of the Trustees, and that of the Fellowship, with distinct, separate, and respective powers. And that the number of the Trustees shall and may be thirty-six, of which twenty-two shall forever be elected of the denomination called Baptists, or Antipædobaptists; five shall for ever be elected of the denomination called Friends or Quakers; four shall forever be elected of the denomination called Congregationalists; and five shall forever be elected of the denomination called Episcopalians. And that the succession in this branch shall be forever chosen and filled up from the respective denominations in this proportion, and according to these numbers, which are hereby fixed and shall remain to perpetuity immutably the same. And that the number of the Fellows, inclusive of the President (who shall always be a Fellow), shall and may be twelve, of which eight shall be forever elected of the denomination called Baptist or Anti-pædobaptist, and the rest indifferently of any or of all denominations.

"And, furthermore, it is hereby enacted and declared, that into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests; but, on the contrary, all the members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted liberty of conscience; and that the places of Professors, Tutors, and all other officers, the President alone excepted [he must be a Baptist], shall be free and open for all denominations of Protestants."

Honor to whom honor is due.

Respectfully, T. E. BUSFIELD.

BANGOR, ME., October 10, 1890.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On what theory of proof do you so frequently, in order to convince your readers of the soundness of a position, quote some man whom you have all along claimed to be utterly unworthy of belief? For instance, I have been taught by you that Blaine is not only a great liar, but careless as regards matters of fact and illogical in his conclusions; and yet, as evidence to lay before, not his admirers, but your readers, you, with damnable iteration, repeat his statement that "in the McKinley Bill there was not a section or a line that would open the market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork."

JOHN L. STARR.

CHICAGO, October 10, 1890.

[We have no theory of proof in the matter. Mr. Blaine uttered the merest economic truism, and we commended it to the more besotted advocates of protection as coming from one of their own partisans, lately

lauded to the skies by them as the greatest American statesman of the age.—ED. NATION.]

QUAY'S MICHIGAN IMITATOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your mention of the charges against James M. Turner, Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan, leads me to believe that his nomination has become a subject of interest outside this commonwealth.

It may be stated, in passing, that the charges have been fully sustained by the publication, since your notice was written, of the candidate's own quibbling denial, and of a crushing rejoinder from his original assailant. In addition, the records of the Supreme Court of the State have been published to show that Mr. Turner had been guilty of clipping coupons from Government bonds which he had already sold in apparent good faith to Mr. Vanderbilt, and had resorted to a subterfuge to procure the payment of the coupons to his wife.

Surely no honest citizen, not blinded by partisan zeal, would select such a candidate as his choice for an office of trust and dignity. Yet honorable men, notably the present Governor of the State, with whom the charges were filed three years ago, but who thought it was not his duty to investigate them after Mr. Turner withdrew his name as a candidate for reappointment to the office of Blind-School Commissioner; and ex-Gov. Alger, well known for his Presidential aspirations, who confessed himself "staggered" by the charges and by Mr. Turner's virtual admission of their truth, but kept silent about them, as, he naively remarks, "any gentleman would"—these honorable gentlemen, men of influence in their party, not only failed to use their influence to prevent Mr. Turner's nomination for Governor, but have given him their support in his present candidacy, as a matter of party fealty. With such eminent examples of party loyalty before them, it is not likely that the rank and file of the party will hesitate to vote the "straight" ticket, especially as no Republican newspaper in the State has published the charges in full, or referred to them except as the "mud-slinging" of the adversary.

The truth is, that the Republican party—by its appeal to sectional prejudice in the attempt to pass a Force Bill; to greedy patriotism in its extravagant pension laws; to selfish interests in its abuse of patronage; and, above all, by its complete surrender to the rapacity of the protected classes—believes itself to be so thoroughly entrenched in the interests of its thick-and-thin supporters that it can safely defy the moral sentiment of the people—witness this nomination in Michigan, and that in Pennsylvania.

By the Republican party. I mean, of course, the political machine which shapes its policy and fills its offices. To learn who control this machine, who are its constituent parts, it is only necessary to visit a popular drinking-place, crowded with delegates, on the day of a political convention. It is the rumseller and the bar-room politician who make the nominations of the self-styled "party of moral ideas." In this respect, its opponent, the Democratic party, is no whit better. In the district in which I live, those of us who desire to express by vote our emphatic disapproval of the McKinley Bill and the Lodge Bill are confronted by a Democratic candidate for Congress who, in his two terms of service, has been a blatant champion of the liquor interest, but a weak-kneed disciple of tariff re-

form, and who in his personal habits is notoriously intemperate. In this instance it is the bar-room politician who is the candidate.

With the nominating machinery of both parties in the hands of their baser elements, there would seem to be room, at least in the State of Michigan, for a third party—a party of tariff reform, of ballot reform (including nomination by petition), and of temperance reform—or at least of hostility to the saloon in politics. Such a party would, I believe, find many supporters even in this "safe" Republican State, and, if it served no other purpose, might help to purify the other two.

Respectfully, WM. W. HUDSON.

DETROIT, MICH., October 11.

TWO COMPLAINTS FROM JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The first complaint is against the United States postal system, which is ordinarily so accurate and careful to attend to the convenience of the public. The writer, having served for one year as a clerk in the distributing department of the Chicago Post-office, understands how intricate the railway postal system is, and how carefully it is planned so as to carry mail to its destination by the quickest possible way. He is, therefore, the more surprised to find that letters for Japan from the States in the vicinity of Chicago, often go first to New York city, and thus lose the steamship for which they were intended. When inquiries have been made at the American end, the excuse of the postal clerks is that they have orders to send all "foreign letters" to New York. Such an order may have been issued under the administration of Postmaster-General Vilas, when, during his "falling out" with the Pacific Mail on the question of its subsidy, the mail for Japan, China, etc., was sent via England. But it is very strange if that order has not yet been rescinded, or, if rescinded, that the postal clerks should continue to make such a mistake after their attention had been called directly to it. In any case, what is the sense of having letters for Japan from Wisconsin or Minnesota sent to New York?

The second complaint is against some very intelligent persons, such as editors, teachers, preachers, etc., who seem strangely ignorant of the foreign-postage rates, which can be easily ascertained by inquiry at any post-office, or else are very careless. For instance, on a letter containing only a two-cent stamp the recipient in Japan must pay six cents, or double the amount lacking to make five cents, the regular rate to this country. Or newspapers are sent out, as in the United States, with no stamp, and never reach their destination, because the pound rate, allowed in local postage, does not hold in foreign postage. Or, on photographs, carelessly sealed in an envelope, but paid for at the rates of open packages, letter postage is, of course, due at this end, and amounts to from twenty to thirty cents. Thus, although it is very pleasant, it is often also very costly to receive photographs of friends. In all these matters, slight as they are, the victims, like their patriotic forefathers of the last century, object, not to the amount of the "stamp-tax," but to "the principle of taxation," particularly as it rests upon the ignorance or carelessness of others.

UNCAS.

SEPT. 20, 1890.

A NEW WAY TO PUBLISH BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to call attention to the questionable methods of "The American Pub-

lishers' Association," doing business at 199 Clarke Street, Chicago.

Some time ago a lady, who lives in a little Maine village and enjoys some reputation as a writer of religious poetry, received a request from this Association for a selection of her poems for publication in a volume to be entitled 'Local and National Poets of America.' Not wishing to be disobliging, this lady took some pains to copy a few of her representative verses and despatched them to Chicago.

Some time afterwards she received the following letter:

DEAR MADAM: On September 3 we shipped to your address two copies of 'Local and National Poets of America,' at the lowest net price of \$3.75 per copy (the retail price is \$6), together with poems and MSS. We cordially thank you, Mrs. —, for your subscription order and prompt and courteous cooperation; and we sincerely hope you will still further favor us by receiving the books from the express office as promptly as you conveniently can. We are already receiving complimentary letters from contributors, which we highly prize; and it would please us to receive some expression from your pen as to the merits of 'Poets of America.' Your poetry is considered excellent by the editor, and we would be pleased to know how many lines the whole of your poems make, with a view of publishing them in book-form. Hoping you will be fully pleased with 'Poets of America,' and your representation therein, we remain, sincerely yours,

AMERICAN PUB. ASSOCIATION.

I may add that, in accordance with advice, the lady, whose name was persistently misspelled throughout the correspondence, refused to accept the package of books from the express company. Accordingly she got the following letter, dated Chicago, October 14, and signed as above:

DEAR MADAM: About September 4 we shipped you two copies of 'Poets of America,' which now lie in your express office uncalled for. Please let us know why you do not take them. If you cannot spare the full amount of the C. O. D., let us know how much you can, and we will instruct the agent to release the whole package to you on payment of that amount, and you can remit the balance of the bill at your convenience.

The lady wrote back that the reason she did not receive the package when it was brought to her door was, that she "had never ordered or thought of ordering such a shipment." She added: "You must have labored under some mistake or illusion in the matter, for it is difficult to think that a respectable association of publishers would deliberately attempt to force books on any person."

Such imposition as this should be stopped.

Yours, etc., A. N.

Boston, October 18, 1890.

BENTHAM'S DEONTOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any reader of the *Nation* be so kind as to mention, if possible, where a copy of Bentham's 'Deontology' can be found? It was a posthumous work of Bentham's, published by John Bowring, and is not included in the eleven-volume edition of his works by that editor. Only this last can be obtained in any of the New York libraries; and as I am desirous of either purchasing a copy of the 'Deontology,' or obtaining the use of it, I shall deem it a great service to me if some one can indicate where it may be secured.

Very truly, J. H. HYSLOP.

New York, October 14, 1890.

TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for September 25 (p. 250) is a note on the temperature of the air. Its

conclusions are not exactly in accordance with my observations. I have often noted the temperature of the air as it flows from higher regions, and invariably found it much lower than that of the air on the higher ground, though I have never had an opportunity to test it in a mountain region, only in hilly regions. In the mouths of ravines I have noted 6° to 12° difference. On one occasion, while camping at the mouth of a ravine on Lake St. Croix, on the Minnesota side, the thermometer on the prairie, some 150 feet above the lake, was 32°, while on the lake shore at the mouth of the ravine it was 20°. It was at sunrise. A light draught sucked down the ravine, while the air over the lake was perfectly calm. On still summer nights the same proportionate difference is observed; the air floating down the ravines on Lake St. Croix and Pepin and other points on the river is very perceptibly colder than the air out in the lake or on the sides of the ravines away from the influence of the down draught.

I noted once a decidedly cooler downflow soon after noon one hot August day. I was examining the geological structure of the deposit in the bluff formation that bounds the Mississippi River bottoms the whole length of the State of Mississippi. I was in a ravine that was entirely dry except during rains; on picking something up from its bottom, I thought I detected a cool air in slight motion. On moistening my finger it was very perceptibly flowing down, exactly as water would do; and on holding a thermometer in the air-stream it fell 3°, from 92° to 89°. There was no wind at the time. This was about half a mile from the bottom, nine miles west of this village. The stream of cool air did not seem to be more than two or three inches deep. In the bottom region just referred to, the temperature is perceptibly warmer than on the hills, so much so that the foliage is three or four days in advance of that on the hills in spring. But this doubtless is owing to the damper air arresting radiation, especially at night, more than does the air over the hill region, as the variation in level, about 200 feet, is not enough to make so much difference in foliage.

It would seem that the reason given in the note referred to for the greater warmth of the air flowing down the mountain, by compression in descent, is hardly the right one, as the compression is too slight and gradual to be perceptible. I would suggest, rather, it arose from the air passing over rocks heated during the day and not yet cooled. I have noted often, long after sunset, a mass of rock giving off a very perceptible amount of heat on a still night. In the ravines which I have noted there was in all a heavy growth of timber, grass, etc., that effectually prevented any warming by the direct rays of the sun, nor were any large enough to hold an extensive body of air; while in a mountain valley, even if it was covered with timber, it would take some little time for the air to be changed. Even then, it is hard to see how warmer air would flow downwards; it should rise, one would think. Evidently, further observations are necessary to determine the question satisfactorily.—Yours truly,

H. H. TEN BROECK.

Carrollton, Miss., October 11, 1890.

CAPITAL AND INTEREST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of a recent work on 'Capital and Interest,' attention is drawn to conflicting views of eminent economists on the subject. May a student of the "dismal sci-

ence" who has no claim to eminence, venture a suggestion from a point of view somewhat (as he thinks) novel, and not unworthy of consideration?

Capital is, I believe, allowed to be the unconsumed product of labor. In this view, whatever be its existing form, it represents the equivalent of the skill, industry, and time expended in its production; it is stored-up labor—labor at rest, like any idle workman. When called into activity, it is therefore a contribution of labor towards the productive undertaking which seeks its aid, and as such is entitled to wages, which we may call interest, or by any other name.

Let us suppose a dozen men of equal ability intending to cooperate in some undertaking. Half the number have no capital, but their personal labor is required. The others have their savings of half their earnings to put into the concern in addition to their personal labor. This embodied labor in capital would, it seems to me, represent three more working partners, and be entitled to its proportionate wage or "interest."—Very respectfully, R. W. H.

RIVER FOREST, ILL., October 11, 1890.

[Undoubtedly; but the question discussed was not what the "three more working partners" are entitled to, but how do they get what they are entitled to? If we all got what we were entitled to in this world (which is unfortunately not the universal rule), it would still be the task of political economy to show how we arrive at that measure of justice.—ED. NATION.]

NOT WORTH A DÂM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Dâm* is a small brass coin current in Persia and India, and equivalent in value to one-fortieth of a *rûpiya*, or rupee, or about a cent. The phrase "not worth a dâm" was used by Englishmen trading in the East to express their sense of the utter worthlessness of a thing; in England, however, owing to ignorance of its origin and meaning, it suffered orthographical profanation, and came to signify a thing of so small account as not to be worth the waste of breath involved in damning it. Recently an American from the West, while taking a glass of wine in the Munich Rathhaus Keller, remarked to his companion: "I don't care a continental *dâm*." His mental spelling of the word was doubtless *damn*, although the expression was really synonymous with "continental red," "continental farthing" or "flip," and would have no sense unless it referred to some coin of small value.

E. P. E.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. expect to publish next week 'The Tear and his People; or, Social Life in Russia,' by Theodore Child, Vassili Verestchagin, and other writers, copiously illustrated in key with the holiday season.

G. P. Putnam's Sons add the following to their previous announcements: 'Where We Went and What We Saw'—in the Levant—by Charles McCormick Reeve; 'Pilgrims in Palestine,' with a preface by Thomas Hodgkin; 'Principles of Social Economics,' by George Gunton; 'Stories from the Arabian Nights,' selected and edited for the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" by Stanley Lane-Poole, with fresh translations of Sindbad and Aladdin, in three

volumes; and 'English Fairy Tales,' collected by Joseph Jacobs, President of the English Folk-Lore Society.

Worthington Co. will publish directly 'Asbein, from the Life of a Virtuoso,' by Ossip Schubin, translated by Elise L. Lathrop; and 'The Old Meeting-house,' by the Rev. A. M. Colton.

John Wiley & Sons have nearly ready the second volume ("Gold and Mercury") of Eggleston's 'Metallurgy.'

'Veni Creator: Thoughts on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit,' by H. C. G. Moule, is in the press of Thomas Whittaker.

'The National Cyclopædia of American Biography,' in progress under the editorship of Mr. James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"), with James T. White & Co. of this city for publishers, differs at once from the corresponding work of Messrs. Appleton in confining itself to the United States and disregarding the continent southward. The two resemble each other in the small inserted sketch portraits, which in the later work are to be accompanied by views of the homes of the more notable personages of the present day—what the prospectus calls "the future ancestral homes of America." The Cyclopædia will make six volumes.

Mr. W. J. Linton is now ready to issue to subscribers his 'Masters of Wood-Engraving'—"a history of the art by exhibition of the choicest works from the earliest times." His examples for reproduction have been sought in the Library and Print-Room of the British Museum, and are of great rarity and sifted excellence. There is nearly one inserted cut for every page of the 229 pages of text, besides "forty-eight unbacked page-subjects." The ordinary edition is limited to 500 copies, of which one-half are for this country. An edition of larger dimensions admits Harvey's "Dentatus" and Dürer's "Apocalypse" and "Greater Passion" and "Triumphal Car of Maximilian"; and this is limited to one hundred copies—one-half for America. Subscriptions are receivable by G. P. Putnam's Sons, No. 27 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Mr. Linton's work is of the kind with which rich men can glorify a small public library, making it *pro tanto* the peer of the best endowed. Another opportunity is afforded by Mr. B. F. Stevens's 'Facsimiles of MSS. in European Archives Relating to America,' a series of which we have duly rendered account as the several volumes or portfolios have appeared. Here the edition is only of 200 copies and cannot be extended. Five of the proposed hundred volumes have been already issued, giving historical material at first hand for the Revolutionary period, 1763-1783, and drawn from the archives of England, France, Holland, and Spain. The importance of the matter will grow as the series proceeds. To say that one set at least should be accessible in every State in the Union is to speak within bounds.

Prof. Cyril Ransome has extracted from Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great' the remarkable battle descriptions, and they will be published in one volume by Edward Arnold, London.

New editions of Dr. Döllinger's 'Die Papstfabeln des Mittelalters,' originally published in 1863, and of 'Janus,' which appeared during the session of the Vatican Council in 1870, have been prepared for the press by Prof. Friedrich of Munich. Prof. Friedrich is also engaged in writing a biography of Dr. Döllinger, which he expects to complete and print in the autumn of 1891. Among the posthumous papers of the deceased is an immense correspondence, which covers the greater part of the present

century and contains exceedingly valuable biographical material, but which it is no slight task to examine and excerpt.

The third and last volume of Champlin & Apthorp's 'Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians' has been issued by the Messrs. Scribner in time for the holiday market. It is, perhaps, the most complete biographic musical dictionary in any language, as far as composers are concerned, and certainly the most sumptuous in its get-up. Besides a large number of smaller portraits, this volume contains admirable full-page portraits of Rameau, Rossini, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Scarlatti, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, Spontini, Verdi, Wagner, Weber, together with other interesting illustrations, autographs, etc. A special feature of this dictionary lies in the fact that operas and other works, and even certain famous numbers occurring in them, are fully described in their alphabetic place. To "Siegfried," for instance, two pages are devoted, together with costume pictures of Unger as *Siegfried* and Lilli Lehmann as *Brünnhilde*. Original casts are given, and at the end of each article is appended a list of books and periodicals in which the subject is treated at greater length. Add to these excellent qualities the trustworthiness of the information and the beauty of the print and binding, as commending the work to the amateur.

To the mass of Revolutionary memoirs Mr. Edward Bangs of Boston has added the 'Journal of Lieut. Isaac Bangs, April 1 to July 29, 1776.' This period covered service in Boston at the expulsion of the British, and in New York up to the eve of the battle of Long Island, and the diary is remarkably full. Its military data are valuable, and its picture of the social standards of the time extremely suggestive. Both New England and New York families of note appear in the diary, and the Schuylers of Hackensack are very fully characterized, with much admiration. Among the more curious observations are those relating to the employment of steam pumps at that early day. Lieut. Bangs was a great-uncle of the editor, and, like him, a Harvard graduate. Mr. Edward Bangs, in his preface, justly smiles at the patriotic allusions to George III. as "the man George," whereas "we, whose masters chastise us with scorpions, incline to look back upon his feeble whip with a sad sense of regret, and to be not a little amused at the way in which our ancestors worked themselves up into complaining so loudly and so bitterly of impositions, trifling indeed compared to those to which we submit in meek silence." It would, in fact, be highly instructive to compare the McKinley Bills with the pre-Revolutionary acts of Parliament directed against colonial industry and commerce, of which Sabine gives a hint in the Introduction to his 'American Loyalists.'

At a time when the elder abolitionists are passing pretty rapidly away, two memoirs come to our table from survivors who illustrated in their own persons the hardships of the moral agitation, and the tender mercies of the Slave Power. One is a thin but full volume of 'Reminiscences,' by Lucy N. Colman (Buffalo, N. Y.: H. L. Green). Mrs. Colman, after her second widowhood, became a lecturer in the anti-slavery and other reformatory causes, and her excellent narrative vividly depicts the discomforts, exposures, and mob-perils of such devotion. It is a fit pendant to Parker Pillsbury's 'Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles.' When slavery was practically done for by the war, Mrs. Colman naturally became a teacher of the freedmen at the capital. She had been a confidante of John Brown, and she gives us

an account of interviews with Lincoln, as well as of her visit to Richmond after the surrender; in fact, in many ways her 'Reminiscences' possess a genuine historical value. They are defective chiefly as to dates, but there is a steady sequence in them. The phases of American civilization (not yet outgrown) which they uncover, cannot be retraced without a feeling of shame, nor also without moral profit, and a sense of high respect for the author's strength of mind and disinterested service to the out-cast.

The other volume is entitled 'Rev. Calvin Fairbank during Anti-Slavery Times' (Chicago: Patriotic Publishing Co.). It is a condensed autobiography of a Northern clergyman who, like the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, engaged in the Christian work of helping fugitive slaves to escape from bondage. Like "the martyr Torrey," he was caught and imprisoned, but his superb constitution would not let him be a martyr—in the sense of succumbing to his deadly tasks and inhuman floggings. The scene of his operations was Kentucky, and he was twice sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The first time, he was pardoned out after five years (1845-1849); the second time (he had been kidnapped from Indiana) he was pardoned out towards the close of the war after nearly serving his term (1852-1864), and when he was all but sixty years old. The narrative is, for the brutality recorded, a very sickening one, and will not easily be credited by the present generation. Mr. Fairbank's experience shows an extraordinary state of things in the Kentucky prisons of his time; and if this has changed for the better since, we may be sure that emancipation has paved the way, so true is it that slavery smothered reform of all kinds. The members of the Constitutional Convention now sitting in Kentucky might well study Mr. Fairbank's prison notes. Even the convict-gang system seems in some respects less horrible than that he endured. The devotion of his betrothed, and the constancy of other friends, male and female, form the bright side of the picture, along with the freeing of upwards of forty slaves through Mr. Fairbank's instrumentality. In a literary point of view, and in sundry particulars where errors might be pointed out, this book leaves something to be desired. The wide sale of it will prove a much needed contribution towards the author's support; and we believe the same thing may be said of Mrs. Colman's 'Reminiscences.'

The *Century Magazine* now makes definitive announcement of the arrangement by which it is to print, in advance of each of the five volumes of Talleyrand's Memoirs, extracts from them, for which Mr. Whitelaw Reid, our Minister to France, will furnish an introduction.

The Oxford University branch of the Christian Social Union has decided to found a quarterly *Economic Review*, "for the consideration of social and economic questions," chiefly in their moral bearings; but the technical and the historical aspects of British industry will not be neglected. The editors are the Rev. W. J. H. Campion of Keble, the Rev. J. Carter of Exeter, and the Rev. L. R. Phelps of Oriel. The publishers are Percival & Co., 84 King Street, Covent Garden, London. "The Progress of Socialism in the United States" is one of the articles set down for the January number.

The commemorative proceedings of the Pennsylvania Historical Society on occasion of the death of one of its vice-presidents and benefactors, John Jordan, Jr., lead the contents of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of Ameri-*

can History for October. To be remarked also is an admirable sketch (with a portrait) of Jared Ingersoll, one of the leaders of the old bar of Philadelphia, by the late Horace Binney, senior. Mr. Binney dwells upon the fact illustrated by Ingersoll, that Philadelphia has not habitually honored her distinguished men as other cities have done. Partly he thinks this may be accounted for by the Quaker origin of the city, but in recent years, he says, "the composition of the city gives the best explanation of the fact; for while there is something like a general temperament in the life and manners of the city, there is no city whose significant population is less homogeneous." Mr. William S. Baker continues his very valuable "Itinerary of Gen. Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783."

Amherst College has just published the General Catalogue for 1821-1890, forming the second quinquennial issue, the last triennial having been published in 1878. The names and all appear in English, the antiquated Latin form having been given up nearly twenty years ago. Amherst has been remarkable for having had so few presidents during its period of existence, now nearly seventy years. These were the Rev. Drs. Moore, 1821; Humphrey, 1823; Hitchcock (the eminent geologist), 1845; Stearns, 1854, and Seelye, 1876. Dr. Gates, who enters upon his duties in this capacity November 1, is thus the sixth in order. The whole number of alumni is 3,319, of whom one-third have been ordained as clergymen, and only 111 have been foreign missionaries—a much smaller number than Amherst is commonly credited with graduating. Honorary graduates not alumni of the College average four to the year, which would indicate no great abuse of this power, at least in so far as numbers are concerned.

Certain students of Girgenti, Sicily, have formed a society to establish a local historical library—"Biblioteca Patria Agrigentina"—intended for a receptacle of every work or document pertaining to that classic ground. Contributions on this line are solicited.

Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, sends us a large panel portrait of George William Curtis—a fine example of the photographic art; together with a smaller portrait, a little more full-face, and, if not a better likeness, possessing the advantages of handy size and permanence—for it is a phototype in printer's ink, and one of the best of its kind.

—Among the works about to be issued by the Hakluyt Society is one on the Rio de la Plata. This will comprise a translation of the voyage of Ulrich Schmidt from the first German edition printed in Sebastian Franck's *Weltbuch* in 1567. Schmidt (or Schmidel, as he is sometimes called) sailed in the expedition of Don Pedro de Mendoza (1534). He relates as an eyewitness the foundation of Buenos Ayres and Asuncion, describing the expeditions and wars of the Spaniards against the various Guaraní tribes at that time inhabiting all the region now included in the Argentine, Paraguayan, and Brazilian republics. Schmidt's narrative, though blunt and uncultivated in style, bearing traces of having been written or dictated by him after his return to Germany, is nevertheless valuable and almost unique material for the early history of European settlements in that part of South America. Following Schmidt's voyage, in the same volume, will be the Commentaries of Alvar Nufiez Cabeza de Vaca, translated from the original Spanish edition published in Valladolid in 1555. Upon

the death of Mendoza, Cabeza de Vaca was appointed Adelantado, or Governor, of the province of La Plata by the King of Spain, and undertook to equip and lead an expedition of relief to the weakened and disheartened Spaniards at Asuncion. He successfully accomplished his task, and during his Governorship showed a just and conciliatory spirit towards the native Indians. His conduct, however, gave but little satisfaction to the more turbulent and lawless among his own followers, who organized an insurrection against him. They arrested and kept him in a dungeon for a year, during which he suffered horrible treatment, and at length sent him in irons to Spain. Though acquitted of the crimes charged against him by his enemies, he was never allowed to return to his Governorship, and passed the remainder of his days in Spain, neglected and forgotten.

—The volume to which we have called attention will be edited for the Hakluyt Society by Don Luis L. Dominguez, Argentine Minister at the Court of St. James's, who is also, we understand, engaged upon a map to illustrate these early explorations. We will improve the opportunity to observe that the Hakluyt Society does not receive the support from Americans which it deserves and which it would welcome. A letter to the Secretary of the Society, Mr. E. Delmar Morgan, at 15 Roland Gardens, South Kensington, London, with a money order for one guinea, the annual subscription, is all that is required to secure membership.

—Many minds nowadays are turning towards high philosophy with expectations such as wide-awake men have not indulged during fifty years of Hamiltonianism, Millism, and Spencerianism; so that the establishment of a new philosophical quarterly which may prove a focus for all the agitation of thought that struggles to-day to illuminate the deepest problems with light from modern science, is an event worthy of particular notice. The first number of the *Monist* (Open Court Publishing Company) opens with good promise, in articles by two Americans, one Englishman, three Germans, two Frenchmen. Mr. A. Binet, student of infusorial psychology, treats of the alleged physical immortality of some of these organisms. In the opening paper, Dr. Romanes defends against Wallace his segregation supplement to the Darwinian theory, i. e., that the divergence of forms is aided by varieties becoming incapable of crossing, as, for instance, by blossoming at different seasons. Prof. Cope, who, if he sometimes abandons the English language for the jargon of biology, is always distinguished by a clear style, ever at his command in impersonal matters, gives an analysis of marriage, not particularly original, and introduces a slight apology for his former recommendation of temporary unions. Prof. Ernst Mach has an "anti-metaphysical" article characteristic of the class of ingenious psychologists, if not perhaps quite accurate thinkers, to which he belongs. Mr. Max Dessoir recounts exceedingly interesting things about magic mirrors considered as hypnotizing apparatus. Mr. W. M. Salter and M. Lucien Arreat tell us something of the psychology of Höfding and of Fouillée. Among the book-notices, a certain salad of Hegel and mathematics excites our curiosity and provokes an appetite for more of this sort. The writer makes much ado to state Dr. F. E. Abbot's metaphysics, certainly as easily intelligible a theory as ever was.

—It remains to explain the name *Monist*.

Dr. Carus, the putative editor, says: "The philosophy of the future will be a philosophy of facts, it will be *positivism*; and in so far as a unitary systematization of facts is the aim and ideal of all science, it will be *Monism*." But this is no definition of monism at all; in fact, the last clause conveys no idea. The search for a unitary conception of the world, or for a unitary systematization of science, would be a good definition of *philosophy*; and, with this good old word at hand, we want no other. To use the word *monism* in this sense would be in flagrant violation at once of usage and of the accepted principles of philosophical terminology. But this is not what is meant. Monism, as Dr. Carus himself explains it in his 'Fundamental Problems,' p. 256, is a metaphysical theory opposed to dualism or the theory of two kinds of substance—mind and matter—and also conceiving itself to be different both from idealism and materialism. But idealism and materialism are almost identical: the only difference is that idealism regards the psychical mode of activity as the fundamental and universal one, of which the physical mode is a specialization; while materialism regards the laws of physics as at the bottom of everything, and feeling as limited to special organizations. The metaphysicians who call themselves Monists are usually materialists *sans le savoir*. The true meaning attaching to the title of the magazine may be read in these words of the editor:

"We are driven to the conclusion that the world of feelings forms an inseparable whole together with a special combination of certain facts of the objective world, namely, our body. It originates with this combination, and disappears as soon as that combination breaks to pieces. . . . Subjectivity must be conceived as the product of a coöperation of certain elements which are present in the objective world. . . . Motions are not transformed into feelings, but certain motions, . . . when coöperating in a special form, are accompanied with feelings."

—The *Revue Bleue* of October 4 announces the retirement of M. Alfred Rambaud from his position as editor, and the succession to it of M. Henry Ferrari. M. Rambaud has been connected with the *Revue* for twenty-six years, almost from the very beginning. Upon the death of its founder, M. Ernest Yung, about three years ago, he undertook the direction of it, and in his hands it has in no wise fallen off from its original excellence. In politics it has been consistently liberal Republican; in literature, what one might call liberal-conservative. It has never run headlong into any of the new literary movements, but we do not remember that it has been harsh or unjust in its criticism of any of them, or even unsympathetic. It is always able and almost always interesting and clever. One sees in it constantly a quickness of mind, a readiness and lightness of touch, that one misses oftener than he finds in English reviews. M. Rambaud retires solely in order to obtain leisure for travel and research which a more extended work he has in hand requires. He will still contribute to the *Revue*, and has, indeed, just been elected President of its administrative board. There will be no change in the line of conduct of the *Revue*, nor departure from its traditions.

—Alphonse Karr, whose name has been familiar to most of the readers of this generation since their childhood, died at Saint Raphael, near Nice, on the first day of the present month. He belonged to a school of writers, the Romanticists of 1830, the survivors of which have been of late rapidly disappearing, and which now is almost extinct. His first

book, 'Sous les Tilleuls,' came out in 1832—a story of a poetic turn, and with a certain German tender sentimentality about it. After all, it is perhaps as good as most of his later work, and as well known as any, save his immensely popular 'Voyage autour de mon Jardin.' That Karr is to be one of the immortals, and his works an imperishable monument to preserve his name, is more than one would be safe in saying. M. Jean Aicard predicted it, or something very much like it, in his funeral address, but the funeral prophet often speaks with a license which is poetic. M. Aicard gave utterance to a much wiser and more truly prophetic thing, perhaps, in saying that even though all the great literary monuments of the present century should crumble and disappear, there was still something that never would be lost; that some of the wisdom and wit to which Alphonse Karr has given permanent form, in a tongue which is at once brilliant and solid, will be dug up again out of the ruins in time to come, as we dig up coins and medals in Greek or Roman soil. It is curious to note how closely this corresponds to a modest saying of Karr's about himself, "There will remain of me," he said, "only two phrases: 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,' and 'On veut abolir la peine de mort, soit; mais que messieurs les assassins commencent.'" Karr was of German descent, as his name indicates. His father was born in Munich, but came to Paris when he was very young. Alphonse was born in Paris, November 24, 1808, but the greater part of his life was spent in the country among his favorite animals and flowers.

—Symptoms are multiplying that German literature at present is passing through a new "Sturm und Drang." While the representatives of the old idealistic school are dying out; while the barren commonplaceness of the reigning society drama *à la* Lindau, and the hopeless dullness of the archaeological novel *à la* Ebers, are beginning to be taken at their real value, the younger generation, drunk with Tolstoi and Ibsen, are calling for a new society, a new education, a new faith. One of the most curious manifestations of this reformatory spirit is the sensation created by an anonymous treatise, called 'Rembrandt als Erzieher, von einem Deutschen,' which appeared at the beginning of this year (Leipzig: Hirschfeld), and has since then run through seven editions. The author, whose visionary language reminds one of the first productions of the youthful Herder, entertains a very pessimistic view of the present state of German culture. "It has by this time," he says, "come to be an open secret that the intellectual life of the German people at present is in a state of slow, some even think of rapid, decadence. Science is losing itself in specializing; in belles-lettres there are no great individualities; art, in spite of a number of good artists, lacks monumentality; musicians there are many, of music there is little. Architecture is the heart of all the arts, philosophy is the heart of all scientific thinking; but at present there exists neither a German architecture nor a German philosophy. There are no leaders anywhere: *les rois s'en vont*." Out of this lethargy the author wants to rouse his people by pointing to the hidden treasures of the German, especially the North German, character: its chastity, its inwardness, its spirituality, its strong individualism. Rembrandt appears to the author to be the prototype of all these virtues, and in him, consequently, he finds the educator of his nation towards a culture which would sweep away the present rule of dead formulas. The book has all the faults of exaggeration and of

vagueness which seem inseparable from new departures; and yet its strong appeal to the national conscience, as well as the loud echo which it has found on the part of the public, cannot but be welcomed as a sign of a new awakening of the German mind.

THIRTY YEARS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.—I.

A History of Modern Europe. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A., etc. Vol. III. (1848-1878). Henry Holt & Co.

FYFFE'S 'History of Modern Europe' is a piece of clever literary workmanship. The writer has known what he intended to do and done it. He has produced an interesting bird's-eye view of European history during a hundred years marked by events of extraordinary magnitude. He meant his book to be readable, and it undoubtedly will be read, and, what is more, it is worth reading. All attempt at depth or thoroughness has been sacrificed to the main object with which the book is written. Mr. Fyffe's omissions are, from his own point of view, judicious; but they are startling. The history of Europe during the thirty years covered by our author's last volume is not really intelligible without some knowledge of the Sepoy revolt and the War of Secession. But a reader of Mr. Fyffe's pages would never, as far as we can see, learn that the Indian Empire of England was, in 1857 and 1858, saved from destruction, and that years of desperate warfare were necessary to preserve the existence of the United States. The Indian Mutiny and the War of Secession took place, it will be said, outside Europe. This is a good reason why our historian should not narrate the tale of the taking of Delhi or of the siege of Richmond, but it is no defence whatever for the omission of all reference to events which alone make intelligible not only the annals of France and of England, but the whole course of European opinion.

Mr. Fyffe, unless we are mistaken, belongs to a generation of Oxonians who were carefully trained in the arts necessary for producing effective essays at examinations, and who firmly believed in the maxim current at Oxford some thirty years ago, "You had always better be flippant than dull." He is rarely dull, he is often flippant. His narrative, though sketchy and imperfect, is good; his reflections are the commonplaces of writers who aim at epigram and attain to smartness. Still, we repeat, the 'History of Modern Europe' is well worth reading; it enables us to glance at the movement of European society as a whole. It suggests and in part answers the question which every thoughtful man must at times ask himself: What has been the real outcome of that marvellous period extending between 1848 and 1878? What, to express the matter a little differently, has been the main result of the struggles which will for ever be connected with the revolutions of 1848, just as all the various phases of the great French Revolution will always receive a name from 1789?

The existence of a generation, as of individuals, has always two aspects; the outward life, with its events, its visible successes and its visible failures, stands in contrast with the inward life, marked not by acts and deeds, but by thoughts and sentiments, and filled with triumphs or defeats not to be seen by the eye, but known only to self-consciousness. Whoever would understand an age must regard it in both these aspects. Let us look first at the visible events which will always be recorded as the salient features of the thirty years with which we are concerned.

If we regard that age as a whole, and take, with Mr. Fyffe, a bird's-eye view of its development, we shall see that it was marked by four characteristics. The first (and the least noticed) was the attainment of one object at which the inhabitants of continental Europe had aimed with more or less distinctness ever since the opening of the Great Revolution. This was the putting an end to the kind of inequality and despotism which before 1789 prevailed throughout the Continent. The years which followed 1848 were, it is true, years of reaction; but Mommsen's dictum that "restoration is always also revolution" holds good in more senses than one, and unconsciously the reactionists and the revolutionists of 1849 worked together for the accomplishment of the aim proposed to themselves by the Liberals of 1789. The sort of despotism which existed throughout Europe before the outbreak of the Revolution, and which still flourished in many European countries, notably in the smaller Italian States, up to the revolutions of 1848, has now, in all the civilized countries of Europe (among which no one counts Turkey or Russia), become a matter of the past. Ordinary individual freedom and some system of parliamentary government exist, except under the Sultan and the Czar, in every part of Europe. To this state of things we are all so used that we note not its significance; yet to any man whose memories carry him back over a period of thirty or forty years, there is visible one unmistakable sign of a revolutionized world. The political refugee, with all the glory and romance which attach to him, has ceased to exist. Youths who are now growing up hardly understand the interest kindled in the minds of their fathers by Kossuth or Mazzini. The picture given by Carlyle of the Spanish exiles whose calamities, heroism, and dignity stirred the enthusiasm of John Stirling, is already a picture of a past age. It represents a transitory state of things which would have been incomprehensible to our great-grandfathers, and will be incomprehensible to our grandchildren.

The second characteristic—the feature by which the thirty years which followed the fall of Louis Philippe is most generally known—is the development of the doctrine or sentiment of nationality, and the consequent unification of nations. The creation of a united Italy, the renovation of the German Empire, the re-establishment of the Hungarian Constitution, are just the kind of large facts which arrest attention, and are apt to be estimated at even more than their real and undoubted importance. What is equally true, but has not been equally noted, is, that between 1848 and 1870 two ideas, which had hitherto been blended in popular imagination so as almost to be identified, were practically separated. The realization of national unity was shown, first by Cavour, and still more distinctly by Bismarck, to have no necessary affinity with republicanism, or even with popular government. To the present generation this is so obvious as hardly to seem worth mentioning. What is worth insisting upon is, that within the memory of thousands of men now living, popular sentiment, not to say public opinion, universally identified the assertion of national independence with a desire for liberal or democratic institutions. The reasons for this identification are, of course, purely historical; but it would be impossible for any one to appreciate the condition of Europe in 1848, and the ten years which immediately followed it, who did not take into account the fact that subjects and rulers alike, for the most part, identified the cry for national unity with the demand for

more or less democratic freedom. Mazzini was never able fully to realize that Italy might be united and independent and yet not be a republic.

The blunder, on which Mr. Fyffe dwells, committed by Kossuth when he tried to turn Hungary into a democratic commonwealth, is to be explained mainly by the close alliance which, according to the belief of the time, bound together democracy and nationality. It was probably due, also, to an idea, assuredly entertained by many of the leaders of '48, that a democratic government could derive a strength from popular enthusiasm which would suffice to rout trained armies. Of this belief, which, strange as the fact now appears, was held by men of extraordinary capacity, the annals of modern Europe give the fullest evidence. Mazzini believed that in a war waged by the people the defeat of Custozza would have been an impossibility. Garibaldi, who, if not a born general, was certainly a born soldier, felt, it may be suspected, no less surprise than indignation when he found that the "miracles" worked by the *chassepots* were more potent than the miracles to be achieved by faith in Italy. Gambetta, and the crowds who heroically followed Gambetta, expected that the proclamation of the Republic would be a charm to rally together all the warlike spirit of France and scatter the victorious hosts of Germany. No man assailed more bitterly the truths no less than the fallacies of current liberalism than Carlyle; but it is impossible to read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' without seeing that he, no less than Mazzini, ascribed almost superhuman power to popular passion. Our war of secession, which, though not mentioned by Mr. Fyffe, vitally affected the whole current of European thought, proved, by a kind of demonstration far more impressive than any syllogism, that a claim for national independence, and a claim supported by enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, may be a claim not to found but to destroy democratic institutions. The triumph of the German armies proved with equal force that the proclamation of a republic may fail to insure the safety of a nation. That nationality is something different from liberalism and democracy is a conclusion taught before 1878 to the whole world by lessons which no man, however dull, could refuse to learn. But the years during which the unity of Italy was achieved will always remain noteworthy as the time when the doctrine of nationality, just because it was fused with other ideas really foreign to it, exerted a supreme and a noble and inspiring influence.

The third fact or feature which obviously marks the era with which we are concerned is the growth of huge armies. Some thirty years ago a thoughtful writer computed that the armies of the world, if brought together, would equal the then population of London. This was dwelt upon, and deserved to be dwelt upon, as an alarming, not to say portentous, fact. But a thinker who, in 1860 or 1862, was already alarmed at the waste of human resources and human labor on preparation for war, knew little of the weight of the armaments which within twenty years were destined to burden the people of Europe. At that date the idea of turning the nation into a great army was unknown. The standing forces of even military States were insignificant in comparison with the hosts which France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Russia keep constantly on foot. Their number and their equipment receive each year gigantic additions. It was assumed, moreover, that to arm a nation was equivalent to turning soldiers into citizens. Our

modern experience suggests that it may mean transforming citizens into soldiers. An armed State may mean a State where the spirit of civil life and civil freedom has yielded to the spirit of military courage and military discipline.

The increase of military power is in part a result of the fourth characteristic of the age. It has been the era of scientific discovery and scientific invention. The political, the ecclesiastical, and even the social movements of the last forty years may, it is likely enough, be forgotten. In dramatic impressiveness, and it may be in permanent importance, they fall far behind the moral and social changes which marked the era of the Reformation and the opening years of the French Revolution. It is hardly conceivable that the scientific progress of the time should not be permanently recorded in the annals of mankind. Darwin, to mention one name only, will be remembered as long as Newton. Darwinism means much more than the speculative results attained by the genius of one man. It means little less than a new way of looking at existence. It is to the nineteenth century what the discovery of the New World was to the sixteenth. To those, further, who hold material progress to be of supreme importance, the generation which has extended railways and telegraphs throughout the civilized world, which has pierced the Isthmus of Suez, which has performed miracles by means of electricity, will always, we may anticipate, be deemed worthy of remembrance. One belief, indeed, whereof the prevalence adds at the present moment factitious glory to the scientific progress of humanity, will in the long run be recognized in its true character as a delusion. The world will sooner or later learn that scientific discovery is not, as we now are apt to imagine, the same thing as the general diffusion of knowledge. It may be asserted with some truth that, as science advances, the relative ignorance of the mass of mankind increases. Ordinary men and women live in a world which to them becomes more and more mysterious. The comfort of their life, their very existence, depends on machinery of which they understand not the mechanism, and the machines which every one of us uses employ forces which few of us understand at all, and none of us can fully analyze their nature. The man who travelled ninety years ago from London to New York understood, roughly speaking, the mechanism of the coach in which he was conveyed across England and of the ship in which he was carried across the Atlantic. Comparatively few are the passengers who could give a rational account of the construction of the engine which whirls them from London to Liverpool, or of the steamer which in a week hurries them from Liverpool to New York. The man who sends a letter by post knows in a rough sort of way how the words he has written in London are conveyed to America. The educated Englishman or American who telegraphs a message from London to New York would find it more difficult than he supposes to explain, with anything like lucidity, how a message handed in to a young woman in an office in Lombard Street is within a short time given out for delivery to his correspondent by another young woman in an office on Broadway. The plain truth is, that most of us understand the life around us as little as we understand the feats of a juggler.

Nor is it only because scientific progress outstrips the advance of ordinary education that an age of science may also be an age of ignorance. Every day makes apparent the fact that, as the field of human knowledge is

widened, every man's capacity to take full possession of that field is diminished. The age becomes, and must become, more and more an age of specialists. But special knowledge almost of necessity means general ignorance of most, or of many, things outside the sphere of the specialist's study. Still, when every deduction is made, the fact remains that the thirty years of which the main events are sketched by Mr. Fyffe were thirty years of progressive science. Within this period civilized Europe abolished despotism, gave a new development to the sentiment of nationality, produced something like a new military system, and gave a new impulse to the scientific progress of mankind. These are the patent, obvious, so to speak, external facts of European life between 1848 and 1878.

MARTYN'S LIFE OF PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips, the Agitator. By Carlos Martyn. [American Reformers, edited by Carlos Martyn.] New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

It is rather dangerous for the editor of a new series of biographies to be also the author of the first volume; and safer, on the whole, for him to let the trial trip be made by some one else. If we were to judge of the series of "American Reformers" by the example of this first issue, we should say that it is to be a piece of journalism or pamphleteering, put up in volumes; that it will be fervent, exuberant, crude, hasty, disorderly, and inaccurate. In this first issue, at least, the turgid and somewhat school-boyish style is singularly out of keeping with the well-bred ease of Phillips's own language; and the setting of the gems, industriously collected from many sources, is so poor that the book leaves the real memoirs of Wendell Phillips still to be written. It is, on the whole, an improvement on Austin's memoir; but when we consider that Austin's was avowedly an off-hand production, intended for immediate use, while this is deliberate and laborious, and largely based upon works or manuscripts unavailable to his predecessor, the later biographer is not really entitled to much more credit than the earlier. In fact, without the family Life of Garrison and the private Memorial of Mrs. Phillips, the present work would have been almost devoid of excuse or of individuality.

It is too early, doubtless, for a candid and unbiased biography of Wendell Phillips, and we can hardly complain if his striking and fascinating personality has made this book an indiscriminating eulogium. Yet some of the praises here heaped on the subject of the biography are bestowed on the very merits which Phillips always and justly disclaimed, as, for instance, that of scholarship. To tell us that he retained through life the habits of scholarship and studied chemistry for amusement (pp. 507-8), is like the assertion in earlier pages that he was a celebrated oarsman—the fact being that neither scholarship nor chemistry nor oarsmanship (in the present sense) existed during Phillips's college days, and that he had no later opportunity to acquire them. For a man who lectures every night during the winter, pausing occasionally at home to attend a committee meeting or nurse an invalid wife, scholarship is impossible; even Theodore Parker ceased to be a scholar under such circumstances, although he had far more of the studious temperament than his friend. Phillips's was the literary or rhetorical temperament, not the scholar's. He had an admirable memory for odds and ends, for available scraps or telling incidents, and he spent his

life in training his resources in this direction; but there is no reason to suppose that he had ever in his life studied anything with scholarly thoroughness, except possibly, as he claimed, the English Revolution. This is no reproach to him—he had a great admiration for even the semblance of scholarship in others; but no man can combine everything, and it is a wrong to our young people when we assume that such a thing as universal genius is now practicable.

And as Mr. Martyn errs in classing Wendell Phillips among the scholars, he also errs in ignoring his weakest point, the lack of judicial estimate of men. He had not even that "feminine intuition" which Mr. Martyn attributes to him (p. 506); although his invalid wife, who eminently possessed it, used sometimes to invoke its aid for his benefit, often unavailingly—as in the case of Gen. Butler, whom she always distrusted, although Phillips himself yielded to that malign influence with a blindness which his present biographer emulates. The latter can see nothing but "kid gloves and cologne water" when Garrison and Emerson refused to follow Phillips in his infatuation for that utterly untruthful demagogue (pp. 386-7); and his tone on this point gives the keynote to the book. Mr. Phillips had not enough of intuition to divine the character of Lincoln or of Grant, and did but tardy justice to either; his judgments of men were prompt, fearless, independent, but the judicial quality rarely belonged to them. It belongs in a far less degree to his biographer, as one may see in the treatment of the controversy with Horace Mann. Mr. Martyn rarely admits any explanation but a degrading one for any serious difference of opinion from that of his hero. In the unfortunate dissension which arose among life-long friends over the will of Francis Jackson, he can attribute only to "pique and grudge" the course of the minority of the trustees (Messrs. Garrison, Quincy, and May) in advocating the use of a certain fund in a certain manner (p. 358).

The case was one that is now easy to comprehend. Francis Jackson, a leading abolitionist, left a will bequeathing \$10,000 to the anti-slavery cause; but the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted before the money was obtainable. The majority of the trustees wished to apply the money to the support of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* in the subsequent contest for negro enfranchisement; the minority thought that it should rather be employed for the education of the freedmen. It was a perfectly legitimate difference of opinion, unfortunately intensified, not by "pique and grudge" on either side, but by the trained and inexorable sternness of the anti-slavery conscience, rendered somewhat inelastic by long toil, and not easily accepting variation of opinion among those who had so long seen, in their own favorite phrase, "eye to eye." The Supreme Court ultimately devoted the money to the use suggested by the minority, and much good was unquestionably done by it. The case was eminently one of those in which a posthumous biographer should exercise whatever of comprehensiveness of vision may have been wanting among the parties at issue.

In many respects the memoir shows inaccuracies of detail, proceeding less from carelessness than from an habitual tone of inflation. To imply that Mr. Phillips's regular price for lecturing was, for any considerable period, "\$100 or \$200," is a serious exaggeration (p. 360); nor can we place any credence in the estimate on p. 115 that his "Lost Arts" lecture netted him \$150,000. This would, on the data given, have required an average delivery of more than once a week for forty-five half years—at the

rate of \$100, which could not possibly have prevailed in the earlier period, when he was more likely to have received \$25. Dr. Chapin was thought to have made the most out of little when he reckoned up \$20,000 from his "Orders of Nobility." It was not, again, Phillips, but his friend Daniel Wells Alvord, who was "substantially the author" of the Massachusetts Personal Liberty Bill (p. 278). The Harvard "Hasty-Pudding Club" was not in Phillips's time, and is not now, "a circle which admitted only the *jeunesse dorée*" (p. 47), though this was and is largely true of the "Porcellian Club." Mr. Phillips was never President of the Hasty-Pudding. To say of Mr. Garrison, "as an organizer he was unexcelled" (p. 106), is to be only a little more accurate than to speak of Mr. Phillips's "skill as an organizer" (p. 170). He had none; and Mr. Garrison, though the father of the anti-slavery organizations, had only the gift of moral propulsion. In the common acceptance of the term "organizer," their eminent and indispensable associate, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, far surpassed both. The Rev. Nehemiah Adams did not earn the name of "Southside Adams" merely "by his truckling to the slave power" (p. 120), but by the fact, which Mr. Martyn does not mention, that he wrote a book called "A Southside View of Slavery." Miss Greene (afterwards Mrs. Phillips) was not present at the meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society mobbed on October 21, 1835; Mr. Martyn has confounded her with Miss Ann Greene Chapman. Of minor inaccuracies the name is legion. Mr. Martyn quotes the well-known lines by Mrs. Ellen Sturgis Hooper—

"I slept and dreamed that life was duty"—

attributing them to an inexplicable "Ellen Hooper Drake," and misquoting the second line (p. 440). Mr. B. A. Gould, the veteran Boston teacher of the last generation, whose initials still remain familiar as being those of his son, the eminent astronomer, here becomes "A. B. Gould" (p. 34); the Rev. Dr. Morison becomes "Morrison" (p. 46); Judge Durell, another classmate, "Darrell"; George W. Smalley, the *Tribune* correspondent, is disguised as "George H. Smalley" (p. 218), Joshua R. Giddings as "Geddings" (p. 284), John R. Manley as "Mauley" (p. 345); Edmonia Lewis appears as "Lewes" (p. 417), Dr. Samuel A. Green as "Samuel G. Green" (pp. 428, 471), the Granary Burying-Ground as "Granery" (p. 487); Samuel E. Sewall is printed both correctly (p. 108) and as "Samuel S. Sewall" (p. 228), and is naturally duplicated in the index. After these perversions of familiar American names, we can hardly be surprised at finding *réconteur* for *raconteur* (pp. 29, 128); *en règle* for *en règle* (p. 117); *Val'darno* for *Val d'Arno* (p. 141); *Santa Cruce* for *Santa Croce* (p. 142), and the like. On p. 35 the classics are said to recommend "that golden mean—in *medias res*."

The general appearance of the series resembles that of the "American Statesmen" series; but is inferior to that, and the indexing far inferior. It is possible, of course, that, with a little timely admonition, the future volumes of "American Reformers" may show improvement and be more worthy of the importance of their theme.

MARSHALL'S PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS.

Principles of Economics. By Alfred Marshall, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. Macmillan & Co. 1890.

PROF. MARSHALL'S book is altogether too big. When the first volume of a series of undefined

extent contains 750 pages octavo, the general reader thinks twice before he opens it, and even specialists will groan at the prospective demand upon their time. Nowadays the surplus satisfaction, or "consumer's rent," derived from books tends to vary inversely as their length, and diminishes with increasing rapidity when the "normal" size is exceeded. This inconvenience must of course be tolerated where the author really requires all his space for the proper treatment of his subject; but this defence is not available to Prof. Marshall. His book is full of repetitions—careless and unnecessary repetitions. The same similes are repeated at length in almost the same words; the same instances are quoted again and again. We hear more than once of the reprehensible conduct of the mother who goes out to work when she might be more profitably minding her household, and of the sea which is never smooth, although always tending to be so. Space is wasted in supplying illustrations of commonplace propositions, and in giving several illustrations where one would suffice. Books of this character are not meant for babes, and adult readers may be trusted to work out many conclusions for themselves if the premises are supplied them. After we are instructed that a given income will require a larger principal to produce it when the rate of interest is low than when it is high, it is hardly necessary to furnish us with arithmetical assurances to the effect that while £8,000 at 5 per cent. will bring in £400, £10,000 will be needed when the rate of interest is 4 per cent. to produce the same income.

A much more serious matter than diffuseness of style is the practice of beginning discussions and leaving them uncompleted. It becomes exasperating to the last degree to be told, not once and again, but scores of times, after a subject has been taken up, that further consideration of it must be postponed to a later period in the investigation; and few readers have the patience to go back and gather up these loose ends when the time comes to weave them in. While we recognize fully the enormous difficulties of the subject, especially when treated upon the principles adopted by Prof. Marshall, we cannot regard this practice otherwise than as indicating a feebleness of grasp, an inability to bring unity out of diversity, that seriously impairs the value of the work. We miss the clear statement and logical sequence of principles by which all great scientific work is marked, and almost suspect that he has merely strung together the contents of his lecture cases, so that his book has not been created like a work of art, or developed like an organism of high order, but has simply grown by addition of cells of like structure. It is doubtless owing to this failure to look at his subject as a whole that so much repetition is necessary, and becomes so tedious; for it seems to be introduced not for the convenience of the reader, but to supplement the defects in the author's plan.

As to another ground of criticism, it must be said that Prof. Marshall at least sins in good company. Whether political economy is a science or an art, it is notorious that scarcely any writer upon it has refrained from treating it as an art, and from emphasizing such precepts as were most to his taste. Yet it is surprising to read that "the Laws of Economics are statements of tendencies expressed in the indicative mood, and not ethical precepts in the imperative," and at the same time that the economic man is regarded as influenced by all altruistic motives "the action of which is so far uniform in any class at any time and place that it can be reduced to general rule." Does

not this necessarily imply the existence of an accepted system of ethics, and tend to embarrass the investigation by introducing a number of variable causes, the effects of which can scarcely be determined? For it comes to this, that we must deal with man as governed by all motives which are regularly operative, whether altruistic or not. Now, as a rule, men do not make pig-iron because they are in a passion, or boil soap from sentiment. They do these things to make money. They do business upon business principles, and the whole fabric of industry is based upon the assumption that men are actuated by self-interest. It is true that the motives of which this is the resultant are varied. One man wishes by his gains to support foreign missionaries, another to support his children, a third to get drunk; but they all desire to get gain. It must be admitted, however, that if economics is to include the science and the art of the consumption of wealth, it must include psychology, ethics, and politics. Without these it will necessarily be to a great extent dogmatic.

So broad a basis is not laid by Prof. Marshall, and in consequence he does not confine himself to "statements in the indicative mood." In short, he occasionally preaches, but not in an offensively censorious manner, we are bound to say, for his tone is invariably restrained. Thus, he lays down the proposition that "a moderate income earned by moderate work offers the best opportunity for the growth of those habits of body, mind, and spirit in which alone there is true happiness." This might be described as the ideal of a valetudinarian, or perhaps as the professorial ideal. But it would not satisfy every one. There are men, not content with moderate work, whose achievements are worth more than a moderate income. There is an exaltation, a romance, in great feats of boldness and strength that the world could ill spare. The "one crowded hour of glorious life" is to some its own exceeding great reward; happiness is not to be found by them in a prolonged succession of tranquil states of consciousness. The world may see a general prevalence of the "piping times of peace," but the militant and adventurous spirit will burst forth in new outlets. Many persons would maintain that the widest diversity, whether in work or income, is not only favorable to progress, but is desirable as an end in itself. Prof. Marshall is of course entitled to have his ideal, and to preach it; but as we observe indications that he would enforce it upon other people by governmental compulsion, we think that he ought to demonstrate its truth.

We notice, too, a metaphysical assumption that seems to us to be of far-reaching consequence. "As a cathedral is something more than the stones of which it is made, as a person is something more than a series of thoughts and feelings, so the life of society is something more than the sum of the lives of its individual members." Is there, then, a certain substance, Society—or, peradventure, a Platonic idea that moulds human material to its form? Or what is the additional element? We do not deny that it is there, but it requires definition or explanation. If there is a consciousness, or life, of society, in the same sense that there is a consciousness of a man, we ought to know it, and if in another sense, we should know what it is.

We are unable, within our present limits, to consider the logical method adopted by Prof. Marshall, and perhaps it is better not to attempt it until his work is completed. He has been much influenced by Jevons, although his studies have been so wide that he brings before

us contributions from every quarter. We shall here refer only to a single proposition, which, however, we understand to be one of the corner-stones of Prof. Marshall's edifice. It is this:

"We have already seen that the price which a person pays for a thing can never exceed, and seldom comes up to, that which he would be willing to pay rather than go without it; so that the gratification which he gets from its purchase generally exceeds that which he gives up in paying away its price; and he thus derives from the purchase a surplus of pleasure. The excess of the price which he would be willing to pay rather than go without it over that which he actually does pay, is the economic measure of this surplus pleasure, and, for reasons which will appear later on, may be called *consumer's rent*."

We are suspicious of a fallacy of division here. The proposition appears to be a universal one, and we will restate it in that form. All the prices that all persons pay for all the things they buy can never exceed, and seldom equal, what they would be willing to pay rather than go without these things. Now it is not credible that Prof. Marshall would say that we should insert a clause, so that this should read, "what they would be willing to pay—if they had no end of money—rather than go without," etc. If we all had more purchasing power, we should unquestionably be willing to pay more rather than deny ourselves anything that we had previously enjoyed. But if this is not the meaning of the proposition, what is? It can only be that persons as a rule do not live up to their income; that they always have a supply of money on hand beyond the amount which they expend for the satisfaction of their wants, and that they would expend this reserve rather than leave these wants unsatisfied. We are unable to reconcile this law with experience. We may have failed to understand Prof. Marshall's position, but it seems to us to be untenable if our criticism is valid; and if so, his whole system would need to be reconstituted.

For the reasons above stated, we do not consider this treatise, regarded as a whole—so far as one can take a part for the whole—to possess great scientific value. It is gratifying to be able to speak of portions of it with hearty commendation. There is, perhaps, not an instance in history where a great reasoner has been more persistently misunderstood and misrepresented than has been the case with Ricardo; the misrepresentation being generally due, we believe, to inexcusable ignorance. Prof. Marshall rights this ancient injustice, and scatters the followers of Marx with a few well-directed strokes. It is much to be wished that he could command the time to prepare an annotated edition of Ricardo, a work for which he seems to be exceptionally well prepared. Of great interest, too, is his examination of the law of rent with a view to its subsumption under a more general statement. Every chapter bears evidence of the extent of his familiarity with practical business and of the breadth of his scholarship. It is impressive to note that the important disclosures of the vital statistics of Massachusetts, to which attention was recently called in these columns, have not escaped his notice, and American writers on economic subjects may well feel flattered by the appreciative mention which they receive—although we must say that the phrase, "American economists from Carey to Henry George," is not of the most discriminatingly appreciative character. For the general reader, if he grapples with the work, the historical accounts of different industries, the explanations of the great movements of trade in modern times, and the details of the operation of

great business establishments, will have a particular fascination. We have not hesitated to point out what seemed to us serious imperfections in this volume; but we think it not improbable that the obscurity of which we have complained will be dispelled as the work advances, and that the final statement of the author's theories will be more lucid than the preliminary adumbrations.

MCCONNELL'S AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

History of the American Episcopal Church, from the planting of the Colonies to the end of the Civil War. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Thomas Whittaker. 1890.

ONE whose ideas of ecclesiastical history have been formed upon the histories of Mosheim and Neander would hardly think of going to any such history for entertainment; nevertheless, those who read Dr. McConnell's 'History of the American Episcopal Church' will find it one of the most entertaining books they have read for many a day. To say that it is as interesting as a novel would be too flattering to the average production of the novelist. One class must be excepted from those likely to enjoy the book—churchmen who take their church too seriously, and who imagine that its history throughout has had all the dignity and beauty of its solemn ritual. For such the book will abound in startling revelations. Aggrieved and sad, they will say to one another, in secret colloquies, "An enemy hath done this." But no: Dr. McConnell is a churchman of the most pronounced and stalwart character. And this fact, for some, will give to their reflection its utmost bitterness. They could have borne it from an enemy, but, for the wounds of a friend—if these are faithful, they are very deep and wide. How could his loyalty permit him such disclosures even if their truth is incontrovertible? In and between the lines of Bishop Perry's more voluminous and careful 'History,' to which Dr. McConnell refers on almost every page, all that we have here was perhaps to be read. But how different the impression! More flattering certainly, but much less vivid and unique.

There is balm in Dr. McConnell's book for the wounded sensibilities of his co-religionists: it is his confidence in a church whose history has had so little in it of which he can be justly proud. A church which can afford this railing accusation is a church worth living for. And then, too, it must be remembered that this 'History' ends with the close of the war, when the Church had just emerged from the least honorable period of her career, when she was just entering on her period of most rapid growth; disfigured, indeed, by the trivialities of the ritualistic controversy, but bringing the Church into ever closer coöperation with the better forces of the secular world, and into livelier sympathy with other sects. Moreover, it is since 1865 that Phillips Brooks has lent the splendor of his talent to a church often suspicious of his liberal inclinations, and that Bishop Potter has "meddled with politics," not without sympathy and following in his own body of believers, but in a manner wholly strange to their tradition of political indifference, the outcome largely of their Church's sad experience in the Revolutionary war.

There is an engaging frankness in Dr. McConnell's dedication of his book: "To the congregation of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, who were sadly neglected while it was being written"; and it is a fit prelude note to

all that follows. He has no glozings nor suppressions. Generous, in the main, with other sects, he deals critically and sternly with his own, and exhibits, in a style that is always vigorous and alert, the defective morality of its colonial period, its aloofness from the popular mind, its chronic weakness, its unseemly quarrels, the frequent failure of its chosen leaders to appreciate their opportunity. The book is divided into two parts, the first ending with the Revolutionary, the second with the civil war. The first is introduced by a general account of the Church's condition in the mother country and the circumstances attending the various emigrations to America. These are then taken up in turn, and the relation of the colonial Church of England to each is set forth with admirable clearness. Dr. McConnell's antithetic style is dangerous, and here and there he sacrifices truth to the antithesis. Thus of the Puritans he says: "They had come to found a State. Their ill-regulated enthusiasm changed their purpose, and they set about to found a Church." But they did found a State, and, however pragmatic its theocratic spirit, it was the norm of all our larger constitutional life. Again, "The Puritan's temper has been his bane, while the Churchman's has been his strong deliverer. The former is now only a character in history, while the latter is a present force, chiefly because, in the long run, moral qualities win over intellectual ones." To this it might be objected that the Puritan's most distinctive qualities were moral, and this Dr. McConnell seems to admit a little further on, when, after setting forth the character of the Virginian churchmen in terms of undisguised contempt, he says: "A debt which the Church owes to Puritanism on both sides of the water is the restored reputation of the ministry." As for the Puritan's being merely "a character in history," while the churchman is a "present force," it was certainly the moral temper of the Puritans and not the complacency of the churchmen which served us in the anti-slavery conflict and the civil war; and, albeit those things are historical, they are of such recent date that it is unsafe to consider the Puritan entirely obsolete. The Puritan's dogma is departing, but there are fresh examples of his spirit every day, though not so many as our business and our politics require.

The chapter on the Roman Catholic settlement of Maryland is mainly notable for its qualification of the general allowance of all the virtues of religious liberty to that settlement. So far as they went, they were personal and special, and a necessity of the immediate situation. Chap. viii. is "a general survey," and brings out with special clearness the character of the Southern clergy:

"Most of them were planters, and did priestly duty now and then to eke out their income. They hunted, played cards, drank punch and snary, turned marriages, christenings, and funerals alike into revels. One bawled out to his church-warden at the Holy Communion: 'Here, George, this bread is not fit for a dog.' One fought a duel in his graveyard. Another, a powerful fellow, thrashed his vestrymen one by one, and the following Sunday preached before them from the text: 'And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair.' Another lined every Sunday with his chief parishioner, and was sent home in the evening drunk, tied in his chaise." (P. 90.)

The same aspects are still further developed in the instructions to the preachers sent out by the Society (p. 96), and in the chapters on the work of the commissaries sent out by the bishop of London to superintend the Colonial Church. Swearing, drunkenness, and fighting seem to have been the order of the day. Coming northward, things were much im-

proved. There is an interesting chapter on President Cutler of Yale and the other New England converts. Immediately after the unvarnished tale of clerical drunkards and brawlers in Virginia and Maryland, as we read of the "deep sense of the very reality of priestly acts," it is difficult to resist a smile, and we wonder a little at Dr. McConnell's own confidence in the "power as an apostolic church to confer a valid commission upon men to preach the divine word and administer the awful sacraments." This confidence, the best possession (to our author's thinking) of the modern Church, he credits to the New England converts. The chapter on the "Great Awakening" suffers from the necessity for condensation. Quite an erroneous impression is given of the causes which led to Jonathan Edwards's separation from his Northampton congregation. In this connection Dr. McConnell brings out in bold relief his own idea of the true function of the Church as a school of morals, in contradistinction to the Edwardsian ideal, which, in spite of his immediate failure, has dominated Congregationalism from his time to ours, viz., a congregation of self-conscious saints.

In the chapter on the Scotch-Irish, Dr. McConnell increases our wonder at his confidence in the divine authority of his Church, for he quotes with approval and amplification Hallam's terrible indictment of the Church of the later Stuarts. The ritualism of the Oxford Methodists is insisted on, but due credit is given to the Moravian impulse to Wesley's thought. There is no sufficient indication of the makeshift character of Wesley's organization. Dr. McConnell is not confident that any amount of wisdom and discretion could have held the American Methodists to the Episcopal Church. If it had, their increase would not have been as now, or the Church would have been profoundly modified. We cannot follow Dr. McConnell into his recitation of the Church's trouble in search of a bishop before or after the War of Independence, though it is full of interest. After the war we have the interesting spectacle of Bishop Seabury of Connecticut, who had got a left-handed Scotch ordination, exercising his office for the remainder of his life while still in receipt of half-pay as a Tory chaplain in the British Army. In the struggle for a new organization, Seabury and his New England friends represented the High Church tendency. Personally, he is more attractive than either Provoost or White, the patriot bishops. But, all around, a modern political party zealous for unity might sit at the feet of these men and learn of them lessons in opportunism.

The colonial clergy of the Church nowhere make a better appearance than in the Revolutionary war. This was their martyr age, and they bore their disabilities and sufferings often in a manly fashion. Dr. McConnell extracts a partial list of these from Sabine's 'Loyalists.' At the same time he makes large claims for the Church in the patriot army and Congress. We read that "Franklin was a churchman, so far as he had any religion at all." This is ingenious and absurd. The chapter "Structural Development" ends with the following free-and-easy estimate of the Thirty-nine Articles:

"They were ordered to be bound up with the Prayer-Book in all future editions. No formal subscription to them was prescribed. There they have stood since. What binding force upon belief they may carry, each decides for himself. They are a section of sixteenth-century thought transferred to the nineteenth. They have never exercised any appreciable influence upon the life or belief of this Church. Like all contemporary confessions, they have largely ceased to be intelligible. They are a

water-mark of a previous tide. The current of the Church has flowed on unmindful of them. The last revision of the Prayer-Book provides for their being bound up next its cover; the next will probably bind them outside."

In the concluding chapters there is much interesting matter. The climax of the comical is reached in Bishop Provoost's resumption of the episcopate after ten years' neglect of church-going and the Holy Communion. A very dreary period followed the democratic triumph at the beginning of the century. The Oxford movement is treated in a brilliant chapter, with critical and judicious admiration; and its influence and that of Newman's "perversion" to Rome on the American Church are measured carefully. The treatment of Dr. Muhlenberg and his "Memorial" for an emancipated bishopric, a discretionary liturgy, and a lay diaconate, is wholly sympathetic. The remaining chapters treat of the Church in the civil war in a manner somewhat more timid and apologetic than the author's wont. Much is made of the Church's formal adhesion to the Union in certain resolutions, but the absence from these of any reference to slavery prepares us for the overwhelming defeat, in the first General Convention after the war, of Horace Binney's amendment expressing gratitude "for the removal of the great occasion of national dissension and estrangement, to which our late troubles were due." No action could have been more fit.

Could Dr. McConnell have continued his history for a quarter of a century, he might have told a more inspiring and gladdening tale. As it is, he seems to say, "If you would be proud of your future, you must be better than your past." His own position as a churchman is interesting and significant. It reminds us of the Irishman who was "for the law, but ag'in' its enforcement." His Church theory is very high—the Church is not of man, but of God; her preachers speak His voice. Practically, he is for the most liberal construction of the Church's offices, and for breaking down the partitions that divide the sects. The theory and practice do not seem to be in full accord.

Through Abyssinia: An Envoy's Ride to the King of Zion. By F. Harrison Smith, R. N. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1890. 8vo, pp. 271. Illustrated.

THE author of this work was sent by the British Government to Abyssinia in 1886 to present a sword to King John, as a reward for his services in rescuing several of the Egyptian garrisons confined in the Sudan. He has apparently taken his official journal and added to it some introductory chapters giving an account of his journey to Massowah, his point of departure from the coast. These are pleasantly written, though containing too many trivial details and unsuccessful attempts at humor. The most interesting part is naturally that which relates to his interviews with King John, whose tragic death a year ago had such an important effect upon the fortunes of his country. The envoy was received in a hut constructed of light poles, interlaced with twigs in basket-work fashion and covered with thatch. "An inner circle of poles, in open order, supported the roof." The King, a man of about fifty, though "his lithe frame, keen eye, and quick, intelligent expression are more those of a man twenty years younger," received him graciously. This was shown as much by the manner in which he wore his shawl as by what he said.

"This garment is made the medium for the expression of many grades and degrees of sentiment. Frigid reserve, antagonistic feelings or intentions, an overwhelming superiority, are

manifested by the shawl being drawn tight across the face just below the eyes, and so hiding nose, mouth, and chin. As these feelings are lessened, or supplanted by opposite ones, so the shawl is lowered, more or less; complete cordiality, confidence, and 'hail fellow, well met,' being expressed by the shawl lying in folds around the waist, as the dignitary sits Turkish fashion on his divan. In this way did the King receive me, and I knew at once that however difficult might be questions which he had determined to discuss with me, they would be free from any personal animosity, so far as I was concerned."

The courage and determination of the author were well displayed in the following incident: On the eve of his departure from the royal camp he discovered a mistake in the King's letter acknowledging the sword, to correct which his personal sanction was necessary. Admittance to the King's enclosure being refused,

"I endeavored, unsuccessfully, to throw back the wooden bolt by putting my arm through the openings in the gate. The chiefs who were assembled in the outer courtyard said that the King was asleep, that he was ill, having fallen from his horse, that it was Sunday, etc. Finding that they would not admit me, and feeling certain of a welcome from the King, I unbuckled my sword, and, tossing it to my weeping interpreter, I scaled the gate and sat on the top. At this the crowd of some two hundred people whom my appearance had attracted, took fright for themselves and fled down the hillside, fully expecting the King to come out and issue orders for a general massacre. Young Kassa, of all my own people, alone stood firm and calm. Looking down from the top of the gate upon the chiefs inside the stockade, I informed them that it was my intention to remain where I was, if I remained all night, till they told the King that I had important things to say to him."

Mr. Smith's persistence finally conquered, and the King, being informed of his presence, immediately ordered him to be admitted, and the matter was satisfactorily settled.

On the return journey Mr. Smith visited a new palace, in the style of an old English church with castellated turrets at either end, which the King had ordered to be built "to perpetuate his name." Although the author hopes "that this fine building will induce the Abyssinians to improve their architecture and style of living generally," one cannot help feeling that the home of a native in the same village was far more attractive. It was "a fine

large hut, with a lofty dome-shaped roof beautifully thatched, and ornamented with ropes covered in red, white, and blue material."

It is to be regretted, considering the present interest in Abyssinia with relation to the Italian protectorate, that Mr. Smith has given so little information about the condition and prospects of the country. It is very evident, however, that, if a market could be found for grain and other agricultural products, the prosperity of the country would be greatly increased, since the quality of the soil and the varying altitudes permit of every conceivable vegetable growth. To the people our author gives a favorable character, especially for cheerful behavior under trying circumstances, and also for honesty, which is not generally regarded as a prominent Abyssinian virtue. But, says Mr. Smith, "out of about £300 worth of camp and transport gear, I only really lost about seven shillings' worth during the whole of my march." The only coin which is current is the Maria Theresa dollar of 1780, still coined annually by the thousands for use in Abyssinia. As in other parts of northern Africa, the natives are careful only to take those bearing certain marks, as, "the letters S F. under the head," and "eight dots or mustard seeds on the coronet."

In the appendices are given the author's routes, together with a sketch-map and a short glossary.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, G. Wednesday the Tenth. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 75 cents.
Aurand, C. M. Rays of Light. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society.
Buchheim, C. A. Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. \$1.10.
Cambridge, Ada. A Marked Man. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Cary, Rosa Nouchette. Lover or Friend? John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Chopin, Kate. At Fault: A Novel. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Co.
Coolidge, Susan. The Day's Message. Roberts Bros. \$1.
Colman, Mrs. Lucy N. Reminiscences. Buffalo: H. L. Green. \$1.
Costello, J. H. Nella Sen. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Crawford, F. M. A Cigarette-Maker's Romance. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
Davis, Harriet Riddle. Gilbert Edgar's Son. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
Dawson, W. J. The Makers of Modern English. T. Whitaker. \$1.75.
Deland, Mrs. Margaret. Sidney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Dos Passos, B. F. The Law of Collateral Inheritance, Legacy and Succession Taxes. L. K. Strouse & Co.

Earle, Anne Richardson. Her Great Ambition. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.
French, H. W. Out of the Night. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Frederick, H. In the Valley. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
Hawthorne, N. Our Old Fome. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.
Heyse, P. The Children of the World. Worthington Co.
Hosmer, J. K. A Short History of Anglo-Saxon Freedom. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
Ince, Jean. Quite Another Story. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Literary Gems: Sonnets from the Portuguese—Niebuhr's Lied—School for Scandal—'Glence of History—King of the Golden River—Nothing to Wear. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50.
Lockwood, H. C. Constitutional History of France. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. \$2.50.
Lowe, C. M. and Butler, N., jr. Bellum Helvetium. Chicago: Albert & Scott. \$1.
Macy, J. Our Government. Boston: Ginn & Co. 35 cents.
Manual of Religious Instruction. Doctrinal Series III. The New-Church Board of Publication. 50 cents.
Mason, E. C. The Ve's Power. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.
Meyer, C. F. The Tempting of Pescara. W. S. Gotsberger & Co.
Modern Ghosts. Harper & Bros.
More, P. H. He's a. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
Morton, L. The Dawning. Philadelphia: Keystone Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Nelson, H. L. Bird-Songs about Worcester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Newton, T. The Complete Poetical Works of Milton. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co. \$15.
Oliphant, M. O. W. Kirsteen. Harper & Bros. 40 cents.
Our New England. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Parkes, K. The Painter Poets. London: Walter Scott.
Parr, Louisa. Dumps. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Peck, H. T. Latin Pronunciation. Henry Holt & Co. 60 cents.
Peel, S. D. Prehistoric America. Vol. II. Chicago: American Antiquarian Office.
Perry, Nora. Another Flock of Girls. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Petzler, J. Life in Utopia. London: Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.
Pratt, Mara S. Drills, Pantomimes, and Motion Songs. Boston: Educational Publishing Co.
Tatol, L. Labor. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Toistol, L. Labor: the Living Command. The Poland Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Toistol, L. Toll. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. 50 cents.
Van Dyke, T. S. Millionaires of a Day. Fords, Howard & Huber.
Vinton, M. R. Word Studies in the New Testament. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.
Vinton, A. D. Looking Further Backward. Albany: Albany Book Co. \$1.
Warden, Florence. City and Suburban. John W. Lovell Co. 25 cents.
Wentworth, W. The Drifting Island. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
Werner, E. His Word of Honor. Street & Smith. 50 cents.
Wiechmann, F. G. Sugar Analysis. John Wiley & Sons. \$2.50.
Williams, R. O. Our Dictionaries, and Other English-Language Topics. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.15.
Wolf, J. The Robber Count. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
Woodberry, G. E. Studies in Letters and Life. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Wood, H. F. The Night of the 3d ult. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Woodhull, A. A. Notes on Military Hygiene. John Wiley & Sons. \$2.50.
Woodward, B. W. Old Wine in New Bottles. Lawrence, Kan.: Journal Publishing Co.
Wright, W. Lectures on the Comparative Grammar of the Semitic Languages. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.

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